

THE
COMMONWEALTH
OF
LEARNING;
OR, A
CENSURE
ON
Learned Men
AND
SCIENCES.

Written in *Spanish* by D. Diego de Saavedra
Faxardo, Knight of the Order of San-
tiago, one of His Majesties Supreme
Council of the *Indies*, and his Plen-
ipotentiary at the Treaty of *Munster*,
Author of the *Political Emblems*.

Faithfully Translated into *English*.

L O N D O N :

Printed by R. F. and Sold by J. Nutt,
near Stationers-Hall. 1705.

LEARNING OR A CENSURE ON Learned Men IN SCIENCES.



Written in Spanish by D. D. ...
 translated, Knight of the Order of San-
 tiago, one of his Majesty's privy coun-
 cillors of the Indies, and his
 Secretary to the King of Spain.
 Author of the ...

Printed by R. A. and S. A. at ...
 near St. Martin's Wall.

TO THE
READER.

IT is so absolutely impossible to please all Men, that we see there is nothing so Good, so Perfect, or even so Holy, which many do not revile and condemn. Ignorance, a deprav'd Appetite, Malice or Envy, never fails to find Fault where there is no Cause. And the Opinions of Men being as various as their Faces, it is not to be expected that the most Learned and Candid should ever agree in their Sentiments. How should Man ever hope to please all his Fellow-Creatures, who do not spare to carp at the very Works of the Almighty? If so, what hopes that this little Piece should not meet within any that will revile it. Yet at the same time is no Cause to doubt, but as many, and those of the
A 2 better

better Sort, will commend and applaud
 it. The Author's Name is well known
 to the learned World for his Excellent
 Book of Political Emblems; so Judici-
 ous, and so full of Erudition, that they
 have deservedly gain'd him an Univer-
 sal Esteem, not only in his own Coun-
 try, but in all others. He was a Man
 of Quality by Birth, bred to Learning,
 and employ'd all his Life-time in ho-
 nourable Posts, and Places of great
 Trust. He was Ambassador at Rome,
 at the Election of Two Popes; at Ra-
 tisbon, at the Election of an Emperor;
 at Eight several Diets of the Swiss
 Cantons; and at Munster, at the Con-
 clusion of the General Peace. In all
 which Negotiations he gain'd Honour
 and Reputation. This small Work of
 his was perhaps never by him intended
 for the Press, or at least not till re-
 vis'd or enlarg'd, being found after his
 Death among his Papers, by the Car-
 dinal D. Antonio de Aragon, by whose
 Order D. Joseph de Salinas, a Man of
 great Learning, transcrib'd it, and up-
 on Perusal thought it, tho' posthumous.

To the Reader.

no degenerate Off-spring of so great a Man. The greatest Fault is its Brevity, but the smallest Works of Celebrated Masters have always deserv'd Esteem. A single Stroke of Apelles, his Pencil on Cloth, was highly valu'd by Antiquity. It is the Matter, not the Bulk of a Book, that makes it valuable. It is the Fineness, not the Weight, that gives the Price to Metals. This Book is not design'd for the Ignorant, who cannot fathom its Depth; those who have Judgment to discern, and Learning to understand, will here find more than in many other larger Volumes. But it will be objected, that to censure Sciences, and reflect on all learned Men, is too great a Presumption. It would certainly be so, were there any thing perfect that belongs to Man. The Soul, which aspires to Perfection, is clogg'd and depress'd with the unweildy Weight of the Body. and consequently the Understanding the noblest of its Faculties, is confin'd, and cannot soar above the lowly Height of its earthly Prison. Hence is it that

To the Reader.

Sciences may be justly reputed vain, and the most knowing in them no other than conceited Pretenders to what is above their Reach. What greater Folly than to tell the Number, Position, Distance and Influence of the Stars, before we can agree, whether the very Earth we stand upon is fixt, or turns perpetually round like a Wheel? To discover the hidden Virtues and Effects of Herbs, Plants and Stones, and yet not know what Vices are within our selves? To discourse of the Nature of Men, Angels, and God himself, and at the same time to cavil and dispute about the express Word of God? If we understand not his Words, how shall we pretend to dive into his Secrets? Let none then condemn D. Diego de Saavedra, the Author, unheard; let them first read him, and if he makes not out his Charge against Learning, let them then lay open wherein he is defective. He inveighs not against Knowledge, but rather complains of the Want of Capacity in Man to attain true Knowledge. He
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To the Reader.

goes not about to lessen Great Men in the Esteem of the World, but endeavours to show Mankind is subject to so many Failings, that none can truly be accounted great. He designs not to discourage Learning, but labours to humble the Pride of those who are vainly puff'd up with the Conceit of their own Learning. But it will look like a lessening of the Author and his Work to seem to vindicate it. The Author himself is above Reproach, and the Work must speak for it self. No Apology can give that a Value which has none in it self, and it is needless to apologize for that which carries its own Commendation. As for the Translation, there is scarce any but must lose something of the Beauty of the Original. No Man in painting can copy after a great Master without deviating in some measure. There are many more Graces and Beauties to observe in translating, than in painting, and to give them all their true Light and Colour is scarce possible. There are those Ornaments

To the Reader.

in every Language which are peculiar to it, and not to be found in another, and the very Phrase and Turn differ extreamly in every Tongue. However, in this the Humour and Fancy is the main, which has been carefully follow'd, but with what Success every Reader is allow'd to make his Judgment.

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THE
COMMONWEALTH
OF
Learning, &c.

AS I sat musing with myself, considering on the infinite Multitude of Books there are, and how they daily increase, through the Boldness of Writers, and the Easiness of Printing, which has made them a Trade, many Men applying themselves to Study only that they may write, and writing for Gain, I dropt asleep, and presently the Imagination began to display the Ideas of those Things I was reflecting on awake. I found

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my self in Sight of a City, whose
Pinacles of polish'd Gold and Sil-
ver dazled the Eyes, and seem'd to
reach up to the Skies. This beautiful
Prospect made me very eager to see
the City, and an Ancient Man, who
was making towards it, appearing be-
fore me, I overtook him, and falling
into Discourse, understood his Name
was *Marcus Varro*, of whose great
Knowledge in Things, as well Sacred
as Profane, I was well inform'd by the
Testimony of *Cicero* and others. Having
ask'd him what City that was? He told
me very Courteous and Civilly it was
The Commonwealth of Learning; and
offering to show me what was most
Curious in it, I accepted of his Com-
pany and Offer, and so we went on
Discoursing together. By the Way I
observ'd that the neighbouring Fields
bore more Hellebore than any other
Herbs; and asking the reason of it, he
told me, that Providence always
plac'd the Remedy near at Hand to the
Distemper, and had therefore allotted
that Herb to grow so near, to Cure
the

the Citizens, who, thro' continual Study, were very subject to many Distempers in the Head. Many gather'd the Hellebore, and many more the Anacardina to help the Memory, but with manifest Danger to their Understanding; and indeed I could not but think they had a small Share of it, who thus ventur'd it to improve the Memory; for tho' this be the Treasury of Science, it is at the same Time the Repository of Troubles, and it were happy for Man if it were equally in his Power to forget, as it is to remember. The Memory of past Goods troubles us, and that of present Evils torments us. Being come to the City I look'd into the Ditches, which were full of a Dark Sort of Liquor. The Walls were high, defended by Cannon made of Goose and Swans Quills, which shot Paper Bullets. Intstead of Bastions there were White Towers, where the Force of the Water rais'd certain wooden Hammers like Beams, which falling again into great Marble Troughs, did beat a great quantity of Linen Rags,

Rags, reducing them to meer Atoms, and these again receiv'd into square Sieves of Brass Wyre, and dry'd between Felts, were form'd into Sheets of Paper, a Substance easie enough to work, but very costly to Mankind. How Ingenious we are to contrive Mischief to our selves! Provident Nature hid Gold and Silver in the Bowels of the Earth, looking on them as Metals that disturb our Peace, and carefully plac'd them at a Distance in remote Regions, encompassing them with the Ocean as a Ditch, and with high and rocky Mountains as Walls, and industrious Man finds Ways and Means to cross the Seas, to pierce through those Mountains, and to draw out that Substance which is the Cause of so many Troubles, Wars, and Slaughters in the World. Vile Rags, such as will not serve to cover Nakedness it self, lye on the Dunghil, and even from that Filth do we diligently gather them, to contrive our own Trouble and Uneasiness, on those Leaves, where Malice takes upon it to instruct Innocence, producing Endless Con-

Controversies, and Variety of Sects
and Religions.

The Frontispiece of the City Gate was compos'd of beautiful Columns of several Sorts of Marble and Jasper Stone. Architecture in them seem'd to be mysteriously wanting to it self, for of the Five Orders only the Dorick was to be seen there, being the harsh and disagreeable Emblem of Toil and Labour. Betwixt the Columns in their several Niches stood Nine Statues of the Nine *Muses*, holding several Musical Instruments in their Hands, all of them of such exquisite Workmanship that the Marble seem'd to have an Air and Motion, and the Fancy conceited that the carv'd Work mov'd those Passions in it, which those Sisters use to produce from Heaven, where Antiquity regarded them as Souls, or Intellectual Beings. *Clio* seem'd to inflame the Hearts of Men with the Fire of Glory at the Actions of Illustrious Heroes. *Terpsichore* rais'd the Thoughts with the Sweetness of Musick. *Erato* gave Rule

Rule and Measure to the Motion of the Feet. *Polyhymnia* reviv'd the Memory. *Urania* made use of her to perswade the Mind to contemplate the Heavenly Bodies. *Calliope* rais'd Heroick Spirits to Glorious Actions.

The Top of this Frontispiece terminated in the Statue of *Apollo*, whose Golden Locks darting out sparkling Beams of Light, hung down upon his Shoulders; in his Right Hand he held the Quill, and in his Left the Harp.

We entred the Suburbs, and perceiv'd that in them they exercis'd those Arts, which are Habits and Qualities of the Body, in which the Hand labours, and the Understanding has little or nothing to do, they being the Bastard Children of Sciences; which having receiv'd their Being, and the Rule by which they are govern'd from them, disown them, and produce the Operations without being able to give a Reason for what they do.

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We pass'd negligently by these Mechanick Arts, without making Reflection on them, tho' *Dedalus* the *Athenian* gave us occasion enough; for he holding a Saw and a Wimble in his Hand, seem'd to boast he had been the first Inventer of these and other Mechanick Instruments. Next we came to those Arts in which the Understanding contrives, and the Hand follows it as its Instrument, and which are subaltern to, and have a dependance on the Seven Liberal Arts, that employ themselves about Words and Quantities. These Arts were divided from the Mechanick by a delightful River, whose opposite Banks were join'd by a Bridge of Marble and Pebble Stones, before which in the Nature of a Gate were Columns of most curious Jasper Stone, on whose Cornishes hung Trophies of the Instruments belonging to the Art of Drawing, as Pencils, Pallets, Squares, Compasses, and Engravers. On the Top of the Frontispiece Architecture was represented by a Beautiful

Maiden, carv'd in Marble, holding up
her Right Hand with a Pair of Com-
passes, and resting with the Left on
the Plan of a Structure, and at her
Feet, along the Flat of the Pedestal,
were these Two Verses of *Michael
Angelo*.

*Non ha l'ottimo Artista alcun con-
ceto ;*

*Che un marmo solo in se non circun-
scriva.*

Nothing the greatest Artist can
devise,

Which one wrought Piece of Marble
won't comprize.

On her Right Hand was Painting,
on the Capital of a Cornish, holding
a Pencil in one Hand, and a Pallet with
several Colours in the other, and
about her Neck hung a Vizard Mask.
On the Left Hand was Sculpture,
crown'd with Lawrel, and leaning
on Fragments of Statues. Beyond this
ridge there appear'd a spacious
Street,

Street, both Sides whereof were adorn'd with Beautiful arch'd Portico's, inhabited by all Sorts of Artists in Drawing. The first were the Architects, and among them *Agatarus*, the *Athenian*, boasted he was the Inventor of this Art. *Softratus* was drawing the Famous Tower of *Pharos*; *Chares*, the *Lydian*, the *Colossus* of *Rhodes*; *Sugila*, *Artemisia's Mausoleum*; *Artemidorus* the *Forum Trajani*. Others were intent upon the Perfection of the Columns, Bases, Pedestals, Plinths, Cornishes, Architraves, and Capitals. The whole in order to make a Structure compleat, a toilsome Solicitude, considering the Shortness of Humane Life, the distance betwixt whose first and last Breath is so short, that they seem to overtake one another. Further on, *Stratonicus*, *Acragas*, *Mentor*, *Betus*, and *Antipater*, were engraving wonderful Figures in Silver; and among them *Stratonicus* had engrav'd a Satyr on a Drinking Cup so artificially, that he look'd as if he had been set into it alive, and frighted the Nymphs. *Zo-*
pirus

pirus was ingeniously enshafing on
 Two Pitchers all *Orestes* his mad
 Pranks; *Pythias* was wonderful
 intent upon finishing his Piece of
 Work, call'd *Magiriscia*, which none
 ever durst presume to imitate; King
Attalus diverted himself in a Portico,
 seeing Figures wove in Hangings,
 and was very proud of his Invention.
 There some *Trojans* were busie em-
 broidering in several Colours; and
 abundance of *Flemmings*, worthy
 of Immortal Fame, provoking Envy in
 the Art of Painting, and affronting
 Nature it self by their wonderful
 copying of all its Works to the Life
 in Tapestry Hangings; where I could
 not but admire that the Draught lying
 under the Web, the Figures were
 Lively and Natural, tho' they scarce
 saw what the Shuttles perform'd,
 because the Right Side of the Tapestry
 was down, and consequently remov'd
 from the Eye. How often do Princes act
 after this manner with less Probability
 of Success, following the Draught
 which is laid before them, without
 knowing

knowing what they Sign, or what they Order. Among these Artificers was an *Egyptian*, who with Bits of Marble, and other Stones, fram'd a Humane Body so ingeniously, that those which before were Stones, once plac'd by him became Veins and Muscles; an Art much us'd by Politicians of these Times, to form out of inconsiderable Motives, that have no coherence among themselves, a Specious Pretence for beginning an unjust War, and attempting a violent Usurpation. In another Portico *Alcamenet*, *Cricias*, *Nestocles* and *Agelas*, were carving in Marble; and *Pergoteles* was busie, making a Figure of *Alexander the Great* in Precious Stones, which he alone was permitted to do, as *Lysippus* to make his Statues Stone and Brass, and *Apelles* to paint his Picture on Tables or Cloth. O the mighty Priviledge of Worth, whose Praises few Wits dare presume to handle, and which nothing can sufficiently illustrate; *Phidias* had carv'd a Parcel of Filthes so wonderfully to
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the Life, that had they been cast into Water they would swim. On one Side stood the Statue of *Bellona* finish'd, and contain'd in its own Shield, which rais'd Admiration, to see that contrary to the Rules of Geometry. the Part should be equal to the Whole; as if this were not daily to be found in the Interest of Princes; which tho' it be but a Part, is made to be All in All. Among the last of them, tho' one of the first in the Art was the Chevalier *win* finishing the Statue of *Daphne*, if transform'd into a Lawrel-Tree, far imposing on the Sight, that it app'd to see the Bark covert of the Body, and the Wind move the Leaves, into which the was converted by degrees. On liv'd the Painters, whose attended with Nature, and to mimick the Works of God, about the first Invention whereof there was great Strife. *Gyges* the *Lydian* boasted he was the Inventor of it. *Pyrrhus* contradicted it, as did the *Corinthians* and the *Egyptians*, who

who vainly boasted they were the first that found it Six Thousand Years before it was known in Greece. A Controversie hard to be decided, because Arts grow to Perfection by degrees, and almost insensibly, without any great Praise to any Particular Person, and to the Glory of all that are concern'd. Solid Bodies darted on by the Light, reflected their Shadow, by which the Wit of Man discover'd how to place the Out-lines, and from thence sprung the Art. *Ardices* and *Telesanus* were the first, who drawing these Out-lines, colour'd the Body comprehended betwixt them. *Polygnotus* and *Aglaphon* us'd the White Colour and Black. *Filodes* the Egyptian invented the Lines, *Apollodorus* the Pencil, and *Antonelus* the Oil, which eternizes Pictures. We went on very quietly, observing these Things, when we were disturb'd by a Dispute between *Zeuxes* and *Parbafius*, Two great Competitors for the Honour of the Pencil; and as the Jealousie that is grounded on Preference,

rence, as to Ingenuity, is the most violent, because it touches the principal Part of Man, they soon came from Words to Blows. *Zeuxes* being out of Countenance to think he had been deceiv'd by *Parrhasius's* White Cloth, or Curtain, tho' at the same time he endeavour'd to comfort himself with having painted some Grapes, carry'd by a Boy in a Basket, so artificially, that the Birds came to eat them; which might be just Cause to humble his Pride; for tho' his Imitation of Grapes was extraordinary, yet he fail'd in painting the Boy, since he was not lively enough to fright the Birds away. So nearly ally'd are Perfections, and great Failings, even in one Piece of Painting. We parted the Fray, and went on, where we spy'd *Aristides* giving such Life and Air to Bodies with his Pencil, that in them might be discern'd the Passions and Affections of the Mind. *Protogenes* had almost finish'd the Picture of *Lalysus*, which he had been Seven Years at work upon, without eating or drinking any thing, but *Lupins* steep'd
in

in Water, for fear any other Food should clog his Fancy. This Piece was to be plac'd in the Temple of Peace, and therefore he employ'd his whole Talent about it, and there only wanted to paint the Foam of a Dog's Mouth. He often endeavour'd to represent it to the Life, and still fell short of his Design, till at length in a Rage and Despair he threw a Sponge against the Piece to blot it out. I was amaz'd at the Painter's Passion against that which had cost him so much Labour, and much more to see that Stroke of the Sponge cast at Random should leave the Foam in the proper Place more curiously painted than Art could pretend to do. Hence I observ'd, that very often Chance performs that which Care and Application cannot bring to pass, and that sometimes it is convenient to act in pursuance to the first Heats or Impulses of Nature, which are wont to be govern'd by some Divine Motion, to give us to understand, that it is not the Wisdom of Man, but the Providence
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of God, that directs all Things. The *Spanish* Air and Garb drew my Eyes upon *Navarrete*, the Dumb Man, whom envious Nature robb'd of his Speech, as foreseeing that great Painter's Works would speak his Praises, and vye with hers. Next to him was *James Velasquez* drawing the Picture of King *Philip* the Fourth with such a graceful Air, and so lively a Resemblance of his Majesty, and his August Countenance, that my Respect was misplac'd, and I bow'd my Knees, and look'd down.

My Eyes were thus diverted with this Variety of Paintings, when we came to a Gathering, or Ring of People, where they were arguing whether the Precedency were due to Painting or Sculpture. *Lysippus* maintain'd that Sculpture was preferable, because it requir'd a more perfect Knowledge of the Dimensions, and more Judgment in the Lineaments, wherein a Fault once committed is not to be mended; this Work being expos'd to the Trial of the Touch,

as well as of the Sight, whose Perfection must be the same on all Sides, and the Matter whereof is more precious and durable than the Tables and Cloth in painting; for which Reason it longer preserves the Memory of Great Men, and gives a greater Encouragement to perform Glorious Actions. *Apelles* on the contrary labour'd with Variety of Reasons and Arguments to demonstrate the Excellency of Painting. This, *said he*, is a Sort of Silent History, which places before the Eyes many Actions at once, and with them the Qualities, the Quantities, the Place, the Motions, with great Delight and Instruction of the Mind. Sculpture is rare, and expresses few Things, but Painting leaves nothing but what it represents. As Sculpture, with the gross Body of the Matter, discovers the Quantity of Bodies, so Painting, by applying Lights and Shadows, brings them forward on a plain Superficies. In Sculpture Bodies observe their due distance; but Painting either removes at a distance, or

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brings them near, either raises or sinks them with such Art, that it deceives the Eyes, and even puts Nature out of Countenance. It makes use of Colour, which is that which gives the last Being to Things, and best discovers the Motions of the Mind. Their Wrangling and Brawling would have ended in a Scuffle, had not *Michael Angelo*, being both so great a Sculptor and a Painter, parted them, showing by Three Circles, cutting one another, that these Two Arts and Architecture were all equal, and friendly join'd Hands to assist one another.

Leaving this Controversie, we entred the City at a Gate, over which was a half Sphere, and on it Hand in Hand the Seven Liberal Arts, Grammar, Dialectica, Rhetorick, Arithmetick, Musick, Geometry, and Astronomy. The Gates were of that Metal call'd *Corinthian Brass*, so much Celebrated by Antiquity, and so Curiously Wrought with Beautiful Figures, that I could not but ask *Polidor Virgil* who was the Artist that made them, and what History they contain'd? On this

this Gate, *said he*, is wrought the Invention of Ink by a great *Florentin* Artift, whose Nice and Ingenious Works had made him Famous throughout the World. Don't you see (went he on raising his Arm, and stretching out his Hand) that Croud of Men, who with grave and stern Countenances despising all Mortal Thoughts and Worldly Conveniencies, look with Scorn on that Maiden, who with a Crown of Gold on her Head, and a Trumpet in her Hand, seems to fly, as if she were out of Countenance at their Scoffs and Reproaches, and is making to that Hill: That Maiden, I say, is Fame, and those are Stoick Philosophers, who deride her, and will not admit her into the number of the true Goods that belong to Man, as being a Felicity that is a Stranger to the Mind, and out of its Power, proceeding from the Opinion of others; at which she is so affronted, that she takes her Flight, and being follow'd by some Brave Spirits, comes to the Top of the Hill, where falling

at the Feet of Virtue, her Mother, who lives in that Solitude, accompanied by Vigilancy, Industry and Art, Ladies always attending her, she relates to her her Wrongs and how she is undervalu'd by the Philosophers. Virtue comforts her, representing to her the Effects of Fame in the Actions of Great Men in past Ages, and of those who in Times to come shall cut new Ways through the Ocean, till they Discover other Worlds, looking on that, which is now known of too narrow a Compass for their great Souls. The very Means you use to Comfort me, Dear Mother, reply'd *Fame*, are to me a greater Cause of Grief and Sorrow; for tho' that *Fame* be very great, yet you well know it is vain and fading, depending on other Mens Lips, and form'd of empty Words, which are the Off-spring of Wind, from whom they receive their Being, and in whom they soon end, leaving Oblivion, my greatest Enemy, victorious. These Words spoke by *Fame*, and attended by Tears, as appears by her

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Countenance; oblige Virtue to order Art (which is that Maiden, on whose Shoulder she lays her Hand) to contrive some Method to perpetuate Fame. Art obeys her, and a little above you shall see her consult about the Method with the Night, who is represented by that Maid, whose Veil bestrew'd with Stars covers half her Face. She tell her, that as the great Architect of the Celestial Orbs has writ his Eternal Decrees on the Darkness of her Veil in Characters of Light; so the Conceptions of the Mind might be describ'd, and set down on White Paper, with Black Ink, giving them a Body, and fixing the Words in Despight of Oblivion, with the same Darkness in which he endeavours to bury Fame. Art was well pleas'd with the Night's Contrivance; and being about to make the Ink, the Gods, who from amidst those Clouds have observ'd all these Passages, foreseeing that by the Help of this Invention Fame will come to be a Goddess, do

strive to prevent one another in gain-
 ing her Good-will, and therefore, to
 perfect the Work in Hand, *Bacchus*
 furnishes Wine, *Jove* the Galls from
 the Oak, *Pomona* the Gum-Arabick,
Vesta Vitriol, and *Phæbus* the Heat, by
 which, with the Mixture of those
 Materials, is produc'd the Ink which
 is in those Bottles, and which you
 saw in the Ditches, and is that which
 makes Fame Immortal, and is the
 Support of this Commonwealth. On the
 other Gate a *Spanish* Artist, who re-
 ceiv'd his Being on the Banks of the
 River *Segura*, and is more indebted
 to Envy and Emulation than to For-
 tune, has engrav'd the Invention of
 Printing. There you may perceive
 how Religion having wandred through
 many Parts of the World, little
 known, and profan'd, at length
 comes to *Spain*, where the *Tagus*
 honours and adores her with true
 Worship, erecting Temples to her,
 and acknowledging in her one only
Jove, the First Cause of all Things.
 Religion in Return for these zealous
 Acts

Acts of the *Tagus*, represents in the Counsel of the Gods what an Obligation he has laid on that Supreme Deity of *Jove*, through whom the rest produce their Operations; not as Distinct Beings, but as Parts produc'd by his Eternal Being. The Counsel considers the Consequence of this Piece of Service, and Debates what Reward is due to it, and it is almost unanimously agreed that the Dominion of *Tagus* be extended in *Europe*, and along the Coast of *Africk*. *Oceanus*, the great Father of the Gods, thinks this too Small a Reward for so Glorious a Nation, and proposes to the Gods that remote separate other World, not known, or at least worn out of the Memory of Man, since the Fury of the Waves thrust it back at such a distance, and so many interpos'd Mountains and Valleys of Water rendred it inaccessible. The Discovery and Conquest of this New World, says he, would be a Reward due to the *Spaniards*. The rest of the Gods

approve of his Proposal, but many Difficulties occur in the Performance of it, were it to be done by the usual and ordinary Method, because it was so hard a Task to reduce to Obedience, and to bring under a Civil Government, so many large Provinces, so remote from one another, and inhabited by such numerous Nations, and this with an handful of Men; but the Incomprehensible Wisdom of that Heavenly Assembly furnishes the Means, each contributing towards it. *Nereus* renders Navigation easie by discovering the Use of the Loadstone. *Mars* invents Gunpowder, and *Vulcan* makes the Fire-arms, that the *Spaniards* arm'd with Lightning may subdue that Multitude of *Barbarians*. And to the end they may the better propagate Religion among them by the Help of Books, and save the immense Labours of Writers, their Mistakes and ignorant Oversight, *Mercury* invents the Characters for the Press, which are wrought by *Vulcan* on Points of Lead, and

and other soft Metals. *Pitbo* mixes Lamp-black with Linseed-Oil, and Oil of Turpentine, and makes a Composition, with which the Letters being moistned, and close squeez'd in the Press, may leave their Figure stamp'd on the Paper; and so the most ignorant Persons, who cannot so much as write, may in one Day work off a prodigious Number of written Sheets. I thought the Workmanship on the Gates very ingenious, and passing through them, saw on many Arches the Inventors of Letters or Characters painted. The first were the *Chaldeans*, next the *Assyrians* and *Phenicians*, among whom was *Palamede*, who at the Siege of *Troy* found out Four Letters, and *Simonides*, Inventer of the like Number, and *Cadmus* of Sixteen. There we also saw the Emperor *Claudius Caesar's* Picture, because he added Four Letters to the Greek Tongue. Two Grammarians, with full Eye brows and long Beards, having Pouches or Hawking-bags by their Sides, and Keys hang-

ing at their Girdles, were Porters, and guarded the Gates, and so proud and conceited of the Trust repos'd in them, that I had once resolv'd to turn back rather than be oblig'd to them for my admittance; but Curiosity made me patient, and being got in, I spy'd a Beautiful Structure, which fronted a spacious Square, and which, as *Polidore* told me, was the *Custom-house*, to which all Books were brought that were sent from all Parts of the World to this City. Almost all the Square was full of Bails of them; and some Beasts of Burden, tho' they brought but One Book, came Panting, and quite out of Breath so heavy a Burden is Folly and Nonsense, even upon a Mule's Back. Several Ancient Censors receiv'd these Loads, every one of them being appointed for the Books of his own Profession; which they examin'd severely, suffering only such Books to pass for the Use of the Publick as were perfect, and accomplish'd by the Author's own Invention and Contrivance,

trivance, and were fit to inform the Understanding, and be beneficial to Mankind. The rest, that the Paper might be sav'd, tho' the Labour was lost, they pleasantly enough condemn'd to serve for Common Uses in the City, ridiculing the Author's vain Desire of Glory. I drew near one of the Censors, and perceiv'd he receiv'd all the Law-books, and that tir'd out and cloy'd with so many Burdens of Treatises, Decisions, Commentaries, Reports, Statutes, &c. he cry'd out, O *Jove*! If you have Care of Humane Affairs, why do not you every Hundred Years give the World an Emperor *Justinian*; or at least scatter abroad Armies of *Goths*, who may put a Stop to this Universal Inundation of Books? This said, without opening the Bails or Chests, he deliver'd them up to be carry'd to the Inns and Eating-Houses, ordering that such as belong'd to the Civil Law should serve to light Fires, and those of the Common and Statute Law to fry Fish, and put under Pies.

Ano-

Another Cenſor receiv'd the Poetical Works, being vaſt Numbers of Comedies, Tragedies, Epick Poems, Paſtorals, Eglogues, Satyrs, Epigrams, Songs, &c. Thoſe which treated of Love he pleaſantly apply'd to make Paſteboard to put into Ladies Vizards, to wrap about Diſtaffs, to wind Thread on, to ſerve for Coffins for Comfits, and to put up all Sorts of Sweetmeats to be ſerv'd up at Chriſtnings, and other Aſſemblies of the Female Sex. The Satyrical Works he doom'd to put up Pins and Needles, to ſerve Penyworths of Pepper, to ſmoak Women in Fits, and to draw Orders on for Payments of Money. I ſaw very few Works of this Sort allow'd by the Examiner, ſo as to be thought worthy the peruſal of the Inhabitants of the City. The like Fate had thoſe which treated of Aſtronomy, Aſtrology, Negromancy, Divination, Fortune-telling and Chymiſtry, for they were almoſt all of them ſent away to make Squibs, Serpents, and other Fireworks.

The

The Cenſor that receiv'd the Books of Humanity was mightily perplex'd, being beſet on all Sides with abundance of Commentaries, Annotations, Observations, Eſſays, Reflections, Paraphraſes, Questions, Expoſitions, Animadverſions, &c. and every now and then he would burſt out a laughing to ſee ſome Books writ in Latin, and even in Vulgar Languages, with Greek Titles, by which the Authors thought to give their Books ſome Reputation; like thoſe Fathers who call their Sons *Ceſars*, or *Pompeys*, believing that theſe Names will communicate to them the Valour, or Noble Qualities of thoſe Great Men. Some few of theſe Books the Cenſor reſerv'd, and deputed the reſt to ſerve in *Apothecaries* Shops to cover their Pots, which are ſuſcrib'd in *Greek*, tho' the Simples they contain are the common Product of every Nation. I could not but laugh at the Uſe they were put to, and commended his good Humour, which ſo ingeniouſly check'd the vain Preſumption of ſuch as ſet
off

off their Books with insignificant Flourishes of *Greek* words.

Abundance of Historical Books were condemn'd and doom'd to make Triumphal Arches, Pasteboard Figures, and Festons, and those of Physick to make Wads for Fire-arms, as being no less Destructive than Bullets; and the Philosophical to cut out into Flowers, and make Pasteboard Cats and Dogs.

From the Northern Parts, as also from *France* and *Italy*, came whole Droves of Carriers Horses loaded with Books of Politicks, State Maxims, several Sorts of Aphorisms and Commentaries on *Cornelius Tacitus*, and one *Plato's* and *Aristotle's* Commonwealths. This dangerous Commodity was receiv'd by a Venerable Cenfor, whose very Countenance express'd the Wisdom and Sincerity of his Mind, and who when the Books came before him, cry'd out, O wretched Books! Dangerous even in the examining, which make Truth and Religion subservient to Interest; how many,

many Sorts of Tyranny have you set up in the World? And how many Kingdoms and Commonwealths have been ruin'd by your Maxims. You make Malice and Falshood the Fountain on which you fix the Advancement and Preservation of States, without ever reflecting that they can be of no Continuance when the Ground-work is so deceitful. Religion and Honesty are the solid and sure Foundation, and only that Prince is happy who learns the Arts of Government from the clear Light of Nature, join'd with a Candid, Cautious Prudence. I seriously ponder'd the Weight of these Words, and by them judg'd he would order Shuttle-cocks to be made of those Books, because they are mov'd with every Puff of Wind, and sometimes without the least Breath of Air, they fly, as guided by the Hand that strikes them; as also to make Vizor-masks, because Politicians study nothing more than to disguise Falshood, that it may look like Truth, concealing the Fraud, and covering the Designs. But the Censor
or-

order'd all those Books to be committed to the Flames; and having ask'd him the Reason, he answer'd, This Paper has so much Venom in it, that it might prove dangerous to the Publick Peace, tho' torn in Pieces, and distributed about in Shops, and therefore it is better it should be purg'd by Fire. I started a little, fearing my *Political Emblems* might fall under the same severe Judgment, tho' I had weigh'd them in the Scale of Conscience, Reason, and Justice; I was so much concern'd to see the Labours of so many Ingenious Men cast away, that I turn'd away from those Examiners, and going into the *Custom-house*, diverted my self in a large square Room, which was the Essayers Office, where Wits were weigh'd, and the due Value set upon them. On the Roof of this great Room was painted the Eighth Heaven, with all its Constellations, cut across by the Zodiack, on which were the Twelve Signs. This Circle was drawn from Four Angles, in which the Four Master Winds appear'd jutting out.

The

The *East* Wind among bright Clouds,
 the *South* red and fiery, the *West* scatter-
 ing Flowers, and the *North* shaking out
 Hail and Snow from his dark Mantle.
 About the Four Walls were the Four
 Seasons of the Year, the Spring crown'd
 with Roses, the Summer with Ears
 of Corn, the Autumn with Vine
 Branches, and the Winter with
 wither'd prickly Thorns. In the
 midst of this Room hung a Stilyard,
 and by it a small Pair of Scales ; the
 first serv'd to weigh Wits by Pounds,
 and Quarters of Hundreds, and the
 other to weigh Judgment by Drams
 and Scruples. At the further end I
 spy'd *Ferdinand de Herrera* by the
 Light of a Window, curiously com-
 paring the Fineness of several Wits on
 a Touchstone, where I thought he
 could not but commit some Mistakes,
 because it often happens that Wits
 are not what they appear to be.
 Some of them at first Sight look bright
 and sprightly, but have little Value
 in them ; others, tho' they make no
 outward show, have a profound, hid-
 den

den Worth. However, knowing him to be thoroughly read in the *Italian* and *Spanish* Poets of our Times, I thought fit to enquire of him what Opinion he had of them, and having put the question to him in the most obliging manner, he answer'd me as courteously to this Effect.

The Fall of the *Roman* Empire involv'd in its Ruins, as is usual, all Arts and Sciences, till that mighty Empire being divided, and the Dominions of *Italy* being settled under several Forms of Government, Peace flourish'd again, and under it Sciences begun again to bud out anew.

Petrarch was the first, who amidst that confuse Darkness of Ignorance drew from his own Wit, like Fire from a choice Flint, those Sparks which gave Light to the *Italian* Poetry. His Spirit, his Purity, his Erudition, and his Sweetness, made him equal to the most Celebrated Ancient Poets.

Dante, when he endeavour'd to approve himself a Poet, did not appear knowing; and when he labour'd to seem

seem knowing, was no Poet ; for he soars above the Common Understanding, and yet does not attain the End of instructing with Delight, which is the Property of Poetry, nor that Imitation which is its Form.

Ariosto being of a pregnant Wit, and easy at Invention, transgress'd the severe Rule of Epick Poetry relating to the Unity of the Fable, and the Celebrating of one Hero only, and Celebrated many in one ingenious diversify'd Contexture, but with an unpolish'd and unlearned Stile.

Marino in his *Adonis* took this same Liberty, aiming rather to delight than to instruct ; yet his Variety and Elegancy form a Beautiful Garden full of divers curious Beds of Flowers.

Torquato Tasso follow'd the Rules of Art more religiously in his Poem, which is not to be approach'd without Respect and Reverence.

The *Spanish* Genius's ran the same Fortune with those of *Italy* ; the *African* Yoke lay heavy upon them. Barbarous Monsters coming over to
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it from that Part of the World which
 frighted it Muses, who had more
 Thoughts of flying to the Mountains
 than of tuning their Harmonious Lays;
 till *John de Mena*, that Learn'd Man,
 recover'd them from their Fright, and
 perswaded them to raise the sweet
 Musick of their Voices amidst the
 Noise of Arms. In him you'll find much
 to learn, but no Curiosity to imitate;
 for so great was then the dread of
 transgressing the Base Law of Rhime, a
 thing found out in the Depth of Igno-
 rance, that they thought it enough to
 express their Fancies at any rate, pro-
 vided it was in Verse. After him
 flourish'd the Marquis of *Santillana*,
Garci Sanchez Costana, *Cartagena*,
 and others, who by degrees brought
 their Works to more Politeness.

Ausias Marc wrote in the *Limosine*
 Language, and shew'd himself sharp-
 witted in the Theory and Speculative
 Parts of Love, and it was he who
 furnish'd *Petrarch* with Thoughts for
 him to adorn, and set them off with his
 more

more Elegant Pen, and by that Means make them his own.

Garcilasso writ in Politer Times, and by the Sharpness of his Wit, and Natural Parts, and conversing with Strangers, he rais'd Poetry to a great Perfection. He was the Prince of *Lyrick* Poesie, and express'd the Passions of the Mind with wonderful Sweetness, Gravity and Purity of Words; and those Motions of the Soul being the proper Subject of Songs and Commendations, he therefore in them outdid himself, elegantly expressing the Affections, and moving them to his Mind. If in his Sonnets he sometimes seems negligent, it is the fault of the Times he liv'd in. In his Eglogues he gracefully makes use of plain, yet elegant, Expressions, and of easie Words, which have a Country Air and Relish, yet are apt and graceful, and not obsolete and ignorant, as in the Eglogues of *Mantuan* and *Encina*; for he in imitation of *Virgil* softens the rustick Part with the Purity of proper Expressions.

Camoens

Camoens flourish'd in *Portugal*, the Honour of that Kingdom, and was Soft, Amorous, full of Fancy, and wonderful Witty in his Lyricks and Epicks. *Boscan* writ in the Time of *Garcilasso*, and deserves the greater Commendation, because he was a Stranger to the Tongue, and therefore some Oversights in Expression ought to be forgiven him.

D. Diego de Mendoza came after these, and is vigorous and admirable in expressing the Passions and Affections of the Mind, but at the same time is slothful and unpolish'd. Much about the same time flourish'd *Cetina*, who is Tender and Moving, but has no Vigour or Solidity. *Luis de Baraona* was Born in Times of more Light, was a Learned Man, and of an Elevated Genius, but he had the Fate of *Ausonius*, who found no Body to advise with, and therefore gave himself a loose, suffering his Vein to flow without Art or Measure. *John de Arjona* was his Contemporary, and attempted to translate *Statius* with great

great facility, being inflam'd with his Spirit; but Death preventing him, he left the Work imperfect, yet in it shows great Vivacity, and an excellent Genius, following the Rules of Translation without stooping to Trifles, and Things of no Moment, as *Anguilara* did in his Translation, or Paraphrase on *Ovid's Metamorphosis*.

D. Alonso de Ercilla, tho' his constant Employment in the Army hindred his acquiring as much Erudition as these Studies require, yet in his *Araucana* he has shew'd a Noble Genius and Spirit, with a Fruitful and Soft Easiness.

In these our Times was Born a Second *Martial* at *Cordova* in *D. Luis de Gongora*, the Delight of the Muses, and the Charm of the Graces; a great Improver of the *Spanish* Tongue, who best understood how to sport with it, and to discover the pleasantry of its double *Entendres* with unparallell'd Vivacity. When he suffers his Genius to take a loose in serious Matters, he is polite and pure, taking Care that
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the Sharpness of his Wit shall not render his Flights unintelligible, as he did afterwards when he intended to soar above the common Sort, and affected Obscurity ; a Fault which well deserves to be forgiven, because even in this he was great and inimitable. He sometimes tripp'd for want of Life in his *Polyphemus*, but every false Step he rises the more Glorious. If he lost himself in his Solitudes, he appear'd again afterwards the more valuable, by how much the more Care witty Men took to find him, and to explain his Flights.

Bartholomew Leonardo de Argenfola, the Glory of *Aragon*, and Oracle of *Apollo*, was his Contemporary, whose Elegancy, Erudition and Gravity, with his pure and lofty Genius, and his excellent Choice and Judgment in his Contrivance, Words and Sentences, will ever be admir'd by all, and imitated but by few. Some Errors of the Pen cast a Blemish upon his Works, as did afterwards the Press for want of

of understanding them, a Danger all
Posthumous Impressions are liable to.

Lope de Vega is a beautiful Limb of
Parnassus, so exuberantly fruitful,
that Choice is at a Loss in its Abun-
dance, and Nature in Love with its
own Plenty despis'd the Penury and
Barrenness of Art. You must enter
upon his Works as you would do into
a Rich Sale, where you may chuse
such Jewels as are for your Purpose,
and you'll be sure to find very many.

I return'd Thanks for this Account
of Wits, without regarding the order
or manner of ranking them, and go-
ing out of that Custom-house, we
were stopp'd by the Noise of confuse
Voices coming from some Schools
on one Side of us. I had the Curio-
sity to look in, and saw *Antony de*
Nebrixa, *Michael Alvarez*, and others,
were teaching Youth their Grammar;
because no Man could be admitted as
a Citizen in that Commonwealth who
was not perfectly understanding in
Grammar. The Multiplicity of Rules
and Precepts was endless; and tho'

Sanctius Brocensis in his *Docta Minerva* had reduc'd them to a less Number, and *Gaspar Scipio* gave us to understand he had improv'd it, yet for all that they were still so many, that they exceeded those Youths Capacity, and many of them in a Pet forsook their Studies; and tho' they had a sufficient Capacity for Sciences, they had such an Aversion for the Grammar, that they went away to follow the Sword, or apply'd themselves to Mechanick Arts, by which Means they never came to be Members of that Commonwealth, to its very great Detriment. Others after Five or Six Years breaking their Brains had scarce learnt the Latin Tongue, so the fit Age for Learning of Sciences being slipp'd, they were unfit to make any Progress in them. It griev'd me to the Heart to see this, perceiving that Ignorance was the chief Cause of it, and I ask'd *Marcus Varro* why so much time was lost in only getting one Language, which might be learnt in a few Months, as other Tongues are,

are, and why Sciences were not taught in the Mother Tongues of all Countries, as had been done by the *Greeks*, and after them by the *Romans*, since there is scarce any Tongue but will perform it? To which he answer'd me after this manner, Many disapprove of this Method of teaching the Grammar, but there are some Customs which all Men dislike, and yet every Body follows them; and in *Spain* the greatest fault is not in the Rules, but in the Parents Negligence, who do not make use of Infancy, which Nature it self has made apt and susceptible of all Languages; whereas other Nations for this reason set their Children to read, and then to learn Latin as soon as they can speak plain. As for Sciences, it is not convenient to make them common in every Mother Tongue, because the World, after the Fall of the *Roman* Empire, being reduc'd under several Dominions, and the Latin Tongue, which was before common to all, being sunk with the Empire, it was

absolutely necessary to preserve it, not only for the Sake of the learned Books there were in it, but also that all Nations might reap the Benefit of all the Speculative and Practical Observations made by every one of them being deliver'd in an Universal Language, which could not otherwise be done without the tedious Labour of Translations, which lose much of their Grace and Vigour.

Next to, these Schools were the most Famous Universities in the World. That of *Berytus*, restor'd by the Emperors *Dioclesian* and *Maximinian*, and afterwards by *Justinian*, that in *Poland* erected by *Theodosius*, that of *Babylon*, that of *Padua*, and those of *Vienna*, *Ingolstadt*, *Salamanca*, *Valladolid*, *Alcala*, *Coimbra*, *Paris*, *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, and others. The Scholars made a mighty Noise, tearing their Throats with Passion in their Faces, and unseemly Motions of their Hands, they all contended, and no one was convinc'd. By this I discover'd how proper and fit the *Egyptian Hieroglyphick*

phick was, which represented the Schools by a Grasshopper. In some of these Universities the Fruit did not answer the Time and Labour ; there appear'd more Conceitedness than Learning ; they Doubted more than they Learnt ; the Degrees of Masters of Arts, Batchelors and Doctors, were given by the Time of their standing, not by learning, and very often only for Money, Ignorance being authoriz'd on great Pieces of Parchment, with leaden Seals hanging to them by Threads, and rais'd to these Degrees, to expound Books, and teach Sciences.

At this time the Greek and Latin Historians, with those of other Nations, were passing by in good Order. Being desirous to take a full View of them, I plac'd my self conveniently in the Way, desiring *Polidor* to tell me the Names and Qualities of every one of them. This Man, said he, who moves with so much Gravity and Caution, is *Thucydides*, who envying *Herodotus* his Renown, undertook to

write the Wars of *Peloponnesus* in a sententious Stile. He with that profound, solid Countenance is *Polybius*, who writ the Roman History in Forty Books, whereof only Five are extant, which the Injuries of time have spar'd, but not the Malice of *Sebastian Maccius*, who ignorantly rails at him, without considering that he is more full of Instruction than of Narrative. He that follows him in the plain, smooth Gown, with a free, bold Air, and whose Countenance shows a wise and sincere Soul, above the vile Servitude of Flattery, is *Plutarch*, so well skill'd in Politicks and Martial Affairs, that, as *Bodinus* said, he may be allow'd a proper Judge of both. He with the Sweet and Pleasing Countenance, whose lovely, ravishing Looks attract our Affections, is *Xenophon*, whom *Diogenes Laertius* call'd the *Attick Muse*, and others more properly the *Attick Bee*. This Man in the short Habit, but polite and elegant, is *Cayus Salustius*, *Cicero's* great Enemy, whose Brevity comprehends

hends all that Eloquence could express at large, tho' *Seneca* and *Asinius Pollio* think him obscure, bold in his Translations, and that he mutilates his Sentences. He with the hanging Eyebrows, and Hawk's Nose, who looks through a Prospective-glass, is free and court like, whose short Steps gain more Ground than all the rest, is *Cornelius Tacitus*, so highly honour'd by the Emperor *Claudius*, that he order'd his Effigies should be set up in all Libraries, and that his Books should be copy'd Ten times a Year; and yet all this Care could not prevent the greatest Part of them being utterly lost, and the rest lying bury'd in Oblivion for many Years, without appearing in the World, till a *Flemming* made him known to all Nations, for even Virtue it self stands in need of Friends to support it; yet I cannot tell whether in this he was not as prejudicial to the Publick Peace, as he that invented Gunpowder. Such is the Tyrannical Doctrine, and the Venome that has

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been

been drawn from this Source; for which reason *Budeus* said of him, That he was the most Criminal of all Authors. This Danger they expose themselves to who write in the Reigns of Tyrannical Princes; for if they commend them they are Flatterers, and if they reprove them, exposing their Vices, they are thought Malicious. This Reflection is made amends for by the Commendations of others; for *Pliny* and *Cecilius* call him Eloquent, *Vopiscus*, *Facundus* and *Spartianus* Pure and Sincere, *Bodinus* Acute, and *Sidonius* Worthy of all Praise. Observe the serene Countenance, and the pouting Lips of this Man, which seem to flow with Honey, and observe the Ornament of his Garments, bestrew'd with Variety of Flowers, for it is *Titus Livius Patavinus*, no less an Honour to the *Romans* than the Greatness of their Empire; he thunn'd the Impiety of *Polybius*, and fell into Superstition. Thus to avoid one Vice we often fall into its opposite.

Ob-

Observe now the Hood of *Suetonius Tranquillus*, who comes next to him, for it is so exact, that whoever would pretend to mend must certainly spoil it. In his Countenance you will perceive the Roughness of his Nature, which cannot stoop to Flattery, nor wink at the Vices of Princes tho' inconsiderable, if any can be such which are committed by the Head of the Commonwealth, whose Actions are blindly follow'd by the Multitude; either Adulation, or the mean Spirit of Servitude hindring them from reflecting whether they are good or evil; nay, they rather think them all good; for as the Commonalty sets a greater Value upon one Sort of Stones than upon another, according to the Account the Prince makes of them, tho' naturally they be no Way preferable to the other, so Subjects think those deprav'd Customs commendable.

The next Person that appears before you, with his Sword in one Hand, and a Pen in the other; whose Fierceness is as terrible to his Enemies as is his Elegancy to those that pre-

imitate him, is *Julius Caesar*, Nature's greatest Master-piece for Valour, Wit and Judgment, and at the same Time so subtle, that he always publish'd his commendable Actions, and conceal'd his own Failings. But who is there so great a Lover of Truth that will make them known? Or so little fond of himself as to acknowledge them? For if Affection is so prevailing as to put several Colours upon the Actions of other Men, how far may we suppose it to predominate in our own; especially where the Reputation of our Valour or Judgment are concern'd.

He there who is clad like a Courtier, tho' Plain, and without any Gawdiness or Jewels, is *Philip de Comines*, Lord of *Argenton*, whose high and smooth Forehead, where Nature displays it self without Art, is a Proof of his Solid Judgment; and the other with the long Beard, and his Cloaths hanging loose and careless about him, is *Guicardin*, that great Enemy to the House of *Medici*. The other by his Side in a Gown

Gown lin'd with Sables, which can hardly keep him warm, is *Paulus Jovius*, the great Flatterer of the Marquis *del Basto*, and of the House of *Medices*, and a profess'd Enemy to the *Spaniards*; which Faults have quite overthrown the Reputation of his History.

The other in the long full Robe is *Zurita*, and with him are *D. James de Mendoza*, of judicious and sprightly Thought; and *Mariana*, that excellent *Spanish* Historian, who has gain'd himself a Reputation in all Nations, by proving himself Impartial, and a Lover of Truth, not sparing his own Country where Truth is concern'd, and rejecting fabulous Antiquities as the Inventions of Modern Writers. Yet as great as he appears in his History, he is no less intamous in his Book *De Rege & Regis Institutione*, so well known, or the Pernicious Doctrine it spread in the World, to authorize Subjects to commit the most Barbarous Outrages against their Sovereigns.

Being

Being thus made acquainted with those Historians, we went on further, and saw on both Sides of the Way, in the most Famous Universities, the most Celebrated Libraries that ever were in past Ages, or are now in being: That of *Ptolomy Philadelphus* contain'd Fifty Thousand Volumes; there were the Three Famous Ones at *Rome*; that of *S. Ambrose* at *Milan* consisted of Forty Thousand Books; there were that of *Octavius*, of *Gordianus*, the *Ulpian*, the *Vatican*, that of the *Escorial*, the *Palatine*, the *Bodleian*, &c. In them we found very ancient Books writ on several Sorts of Substances, the Ancientest on Palm-Tree Leaves neatly sew'd together; others on those white Films which grow between the Bark and the Body of Trees, call'd *Libri*, from whence came that Latin Name for Books, communicated to all Languages deriv'd from it. Others were on thin leaden Plates, and some on Tablets, cover'd with a thin Face of Wax, on both which the Characters were cut with

a small Iron Point, call'd *Stile*, whence we have the Phrase of a good or a bad *Stile*. Other Books we may write on very fine Membranes, Films, or Skins, taken from the inward Part of a Plant, like a Rush in *Egypt*, and found there when *Alexander the Great* subdu'd that Country, tho' others give it a greater Antiquity. This Plant was call'd *Papyrus*. from which we have the Name of Paper; as the Latin word *Charta*, from a Town of that Name, near the City *Tyre*, where much of that Paper was prepar'd. We saw other Books writ on the Skins of Beasts, call'd Parchment, in Latin *Pergamena*. because first invented in the City *Pergamus*, when King *Ptolomy Philadelphus* put out a Proclamation, forbidding any of the *Papyrus* or Paper to be carry'd out of his Kindgom, out of Envy, lest King *Eumenes* should gather as Noble a Library as he had done. Thus Princes sometimes Sacrifice the Trade and Commerce of their Subjects to their own Malice and Envy. These Books
were

not Bound like those we now use, but roul'd upon Rowlers of Wood, of Ebony, or of Ivory, with Nobs at the ends of Silver, and some set with Precious Stones ; and from them we have the Name of Volumes, from the Latin *Volvere*, to Roul.

All these Structures seem'd to me no other than Avenues, or Inlets into that City, and I began to be very earnest to come into the Streets ; but when I expected I was come to them, I found my self amidst pleasant Hills, forming on both sides delightful Valleys and Wildernesses, all of them fit for Study and Contemplation. Here at a distance appear'd some few scatter'd Houses, or rather Cottages, without any other Furniture or Wealth in them than what would suffice as a Defence against the piercing Cold of Winter, and the scorching Heats of the Summer. A notable Sort of People inhabited this Part of the City ; the first we met with were the naked *Gymnosophists*, lying along stretch'd out on the Ground, condemning the Works of Nature.

Next

Next were the *Druids*, who committed their Learning to writing; then the *Magi* of *Persia*, the *Chaldeans* of *Babylon*, the *Turdetani* of *Spain*, the *Brachmans*, *Cabalists*, *Neliopolitans*, *Arympheans*, *Talmudists*, *Sadducees* and *Samaneans*, all of them prying into the *Secrets of Nature*; from whose *Barbarous Endeavours* all *Sciences* receiv'd their first *Light*. Among them I spy'd *Prometheus*, whose *Bowels* were consum'd with an insatiable *Hunger* after *Knowledge*, and who being learned and knowing in those *Arts* the *World* was before unacquainted with, so dexterously instill'd them into *Men*, reducing them from *Fierceness* and *Barbarity* to *Civility* and *Humane Conversation*, that he in some *Measure* seem'd to new-mould and frame them with his *Hands*, inspiring a *Rational Life* into those *Bodies* which before were no better than *Vessels of Clay*. *Endymion* seem'd to be in *Love* with the *Moon*, keeping his *Eyes* always fixt on her, observing her *Motions* and *Changes*, making that his *Study*, which others interpreted

as Courtship. *Atlas* was so rapt in Contemplation of the Celestial Bodies, that some who saw him might thence imagine he was supporting the Heavens. *Proteus* being speculative in the Origin Progress and Changes of Things, was himself thought to be converted into those Forms and Natures which he conceiv'd in his Imagination.

Under a Parcel of shady Trees sat those so much Celebrated Seven Wisemen of *Greece*; and as Pride is the Off-spring of Ignorance, and Modesty of Wisdom, they in our Presence shew'd how much they had acquir'd of the latter by their long Study and Speculation; for certain *Roman* Fishermen having drawn out of the Sea with their Nets a Gold Tripod, or little Table, or Stool with Three Legs, the Workmanship of *Vulcan*, as was thought, and to avoid all Controversie, consulting the Oracle of *Delphos* to whom it should belong, the answer was, that to the Wisest, whereupon they presented it to *Thales*, and he, we saw, full of Courtesy, and Modesty

deſty gave it to another; this Man to a Third; and ſo it went through all Seven, till it came to *Solon*, who ſent it to the Oracle, ſaying, It was only due to God, in whom alone true Wiſdom was to be found. An Action proper to humble the Pride and Arrogancy of many Men.

On the Banks of a Brook ſat *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Clitomachus*, *Carnades*, and many more Academick Philoſophers, ever doubting of all Things, without daring to aſſert any, and only endeavour'd by Force of Argument and Reason to incline the Underſtanding, and to prove one thing more probable than another. A little beyond them were the Sceptick Philoſophers, *Pyrrus*, *Xenocrates* and *Anaxarchus*, a Sort of People more poſitive and circumſpect in doubting of all Things; who neither affirm'd nor deny'd any thing, ſhrugging up their Shoulders at every Queſtion that was put to them, to ſignifie that nothing could be known affirmatively. I thought theſe Philoſophers

Modesty

Modesty very discreet, and their Mistrust of Humane Knowledge not altogether groundless, because towards the certain Knowledge of Things there are Two Dispositions requir'd; the one from him that knows, the other from the thing to be known. The Party knowing, which is the Understanding, makes use of the exterior and interior Senses, which are the Instruments by whose Help Fancies are form'd. Now the exterior Senses vary and alter according to the several Affections, as the Humours flow more or less. The interior Senses are subject to the same Variations, either for the same Reasons as above, or because of their various Composition and Organisation; from whence flow so opposite Conceits and Opinions, as we see among Men, every one conceiving a different Notion of what he sees or hears. In the Things that are to be known we shall find the same Uncertainty and Mutability, because they change their Colour and Qualities according to their several Positions, either be-
cause

cause of their Distance, or of their Nearness to other Things, or because nothing is absolutely simple, or by Reason of the natural Mixtures and Species that occur betwixt the Senses and sensible Things; and therefore we cannot affirm positively what they are, but only declare what they are like; thus forming an Opinion, but no Knowledge. *Plato* still found a greater Uncertainty in Things, considering that the common Nature they partake of is not in any of them, because such Forms and Ideas subsist in the most pure and perfect Nature of God; and whilst we live we can have no certain Knowledge of them, so that we only see these present things which are Shadows and Reflections of the others, and therefore cannot possibly reduce them to any thing of Knowledge.

In another place were the Dogmatick Philosophers, who deliver'd their Propositions as certain, determining some Things as Goods, and others as Evils; so that they always liv'd full
of

of Disquiet and Restlessness, shunning the latter, and coveting the former. The Sceptrick Philosophers seem'd to me the Wiser, because they look'd upon Things as indifferent, and therefore neither coveted nor dreaded them, as not placing their Felicity or Uneasiness in the enjoying or losing of them. Other Philosophers held different Opinions; which being as various as are the Dispositions of Men, an infinite Number of Schools and Sects proceeded from them.

The Peripateticks argu'd and deliver'd their Maxims, walking in certain Portico's. In others curiously diversify'd and adorn'd with Variety of Figures, painted by *Polygnotus*, were the obstinate Stoicks, positively maintaining their Opinions and Paradoxes, reducing all Things to Fate and Necessity; practising an inhumane Severity in the Contempt of outward Goods, and toward the Passions and Affections of the Mind.

Beyond these were the *Pythagoreans*, among whom few spoke, and many held

held their Peace, being very strict Observers of the tedious Five Years Silence. After them we met with the *Cynicks*, the *Epicureans*, and the *Heliacks*. *Diogenes* was by himself, remote from all these Philosophers, rapt in his own Vanity, and studying how to be singular, dogged to all Men, and looking upon Humanity as below a Philosopher. He took more Pride in living like a Snail in a House he could carry on his Back, being no other than an old Tub, than *Alexander the Great* did in being Master of all the stately Palaces of the Eastern Monarchs; and when that mighty Prince humbled himself so much as to visit him, generously offering him any thing he wanted, his brutal, conceited Wisdom disdain'd to condescend to so much of Man as to show him the least Respect, only, like a Savage, bidding that Great Man to stand from before the Sun, and not to deprive him of what was not in his Power to give. Then passing by a Brook, and seeing a Man, who for Want of better Conveniency, took the
 Wa-

Water with his Hand to Drink, he threw away his wooden Dish he kept for that Use before, disdaining to have any thing beyond absolute Necessity, since he could Drink out of his Hand; as if he had not before seen the Beasts clap their Mouth to the Water, of whom he might as well have learnt to Drink without the Trouble of taking up the Water in his Hand. Such were the admir'd Follies of this *Cynick*, so much applauded for couching Barbarity under the specious Name of Philosophy, as if the introducing of Moroseness, and the subverting of all Politeness, were the Way to Wisdom and Learning.

In the most hidden Recess of those Woods, Nature, without the Assistance of Art, had open'd a Passage into the Bowels of a Mountain, which receiv'd some small glimmering Light through the Clefts in the Rocks, scarce penetrable to the Beams of the Sun. The Entrance was dreadful; but Curiosity, and the desire of seeing, overcomes greater Difficulties; besides the Company of *Marcus Varro*, who was well

well acquainted with those Places, made all things easie to me. We ventur'd boldly, in groping along thro' those dark Passages. I had not gone many Paces before I stumbled, and fell upon Two Bodies, which the surprize represented to me as Death; wherein I was not quite deceiv'd, for they were dead asleep. They both wak'd, and understanding that one of them was *Artemidorus*, and the other *Cardanus*, I told the latter of them, It was a Crime in him, many of whose watchful Labours had been so learned, and so beneficial to that Commonwealth, to give himself up so slothfully to Sleep, which was the Image or Resemblance of Death. It is rather, said he, an Image of Eternity, for in it, as in a Mirror, we behold the present Time and the future. I could not forbear laughing at his Notion, and fancy'd he was not well awake; which so nettled him, that he went on, saying, Do not make a Jest of Dreams, which render Men Divine, by imparting the Knowledge of Futurity, an Attribute by Nature, reserv'd to God

God alone; for in them, as it were on a Stage, the Things that happen are represented to him under several Figures; and sometimes he sees those that are past, which are a Warning and Admonition to himself and others; and therefore the Time we sleep is not lost, or idly spent, nor do we cease so long to live, for it would be a Defect in Nature, had it robb'd us of half our Life, and it is agreeable to Reason that since Man is by his Understanding a lively Image of Almighty God; and since the same God has allotted him Two Times, the one to sleep, and the other to wake, it is reasonable, I say, to conclude he should not at these Two Times be depriv'd of the Benefit of this Resemblance, by having his Senses for so long a time altogether stupify'd and disabled from making his Advantage of them. For as in the Night the Moon and Stars preside with their Light, borrow'd from the Sun, that whilst Mortals are depriv'd of his Presence, they may not be altogether destitute of the Reflection of his Rays; even so Divine Providence has order'd
that

that the Fanſie and Intellectual Faculties ſhould work upon the watching Soul, whiſt Man ſleeps, notwithstanding the Moiſture of the Brain; and the Soul being Immortal, and finding it ſelf at that time in ſome meaſure deliver'd from the Clog of the Body, whoſe Operations are then at a Stand, it becomes wholly recollected in it ſelf, and acts by a Superior Influence, looking into Futurity, that ſo Man, the Image of God, might not be depriv'd of this Sort of Preſcience or Foreknowledge. I thought this ingenious Extravagancy of *Cardanus* of dangerous Conſequence to diſcourſe of, and therefore left him without returning any Answer. Being paſſ'd him, we ſpy'd on both ſides of us abundance of little Furnaces burning, and a vaſt quantity of Glaſs Bottles, Limbecks and Crucibles, which employ'd a great Number of Men, who were all poor, ragged, ſcorch'd with the Fire, ſmoother'd with the Smoke, and full of Spots of thoſe Oils and Eſſences they extracted. They ſpoke a ſtrange Language, for

D

they

for they call'd Lead *Saturn*, Tin *Jupiter*, Iron *Mars*, Gold *Sol*, Copper *Venus*, Quicksilver *Mercury*, and Silver *Luna*. A Sort of People, rich and wealthy in Words, but in all other Respects poor and contemptible; all whose mighty Hopes vanish'd away in Smoke. I presently perceiv'd they all were *Chymists*, and was much concern'd to see them labouring so hard upon the vain Conceit of generating of Metals, which is the Work of Nature, and the Product of Ages. There, O matchless Folly, they consum'd the little Substance they had with a Design to make Gold, persisting obstinately in the Attempt, without reflecting how impossible it is for Art to produce new Forms, or even with the Assistance of Nature to change the Species of Metals. What I most admir'd was to see several Princes lay by their Scepters to blow up those Fires, inflam'd themselves with no less Covetousness than the rest.

We

We could not endure the strong Scent of those Salts, which according to their Application produc'd Effects never thought of in Philosophy; and therefore advancing further through that dismal Darkneſs, we ſpy'd the *Sibyls, Delphica, Eriubrea, Perſica, Libica, Cumana, Liburtina*, and others. Some of them leaning againſt Statues of *Apollo*, and others at the Mouths of Caves, like Temples. They were all rapt and inflam'd with an heavenly Spirit, in a furious Extasie, and ſcarce able to contain the Deity that fill'd them. Sometimes they deliver'd their Oracles and Answers by Word of Mouth, and ſometimes writ them on Leaves of Trees, diſcovering future Events in a dark and confuſe manner. Next to them was *Hyarchus*, one of the *Brachmans*, *Hermes* the Egyptian, *Zoroaſtres* the *Bactrian*, and *Buda* the *Babylonian*, all of them attentively obſerving the Original and Cauſes of Things, the mutual Connexion of the Elements, their Combinations, the Generation and Corruption of mixt

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Bodies,

Bodies, the Meteorological Impressions, the Blind Motions of the Earth, the Nature of Herbs, Plants, Stones and Animals, and produc'd wonderful Effects sometimes by the very Force of Nature, and sometimes by fundry Circles, Characters and Lines, invigour'd by the dreadful Invocation of Spirits. There the Negromancers muttering call'd up the Infernal Shades infus'd into visible Bodies of dead Men. The Pyromancers divin'd by pouring melting Pitch into the Fire, and observing the crackling of the Flame, whether it gave a clear or a gloomy Light, and whether it ascended upright or waving. The same Remarks they made upon lighted Torches, on which various Sorts of Characters were drawn. The Hydromancers prognosticated by Rings hanging in Vessels of Water, and by the Motion and Noise of the Waves. The Aeromancers by the Impressions of the Air, forming Figures in its dark Spaces. The Sycomancers by wild Fig-Trees, or Sage-leaves with
Names

Names written on them, and cast against the Wind. The Cleromancers by Lots and by Leaves in the Works of *Homer* and *Virgil*. The Geomancers by equal and unequal Points on the Earth, which they made to answer the Celestial Signs, making their Judgments by them as by the Houses of the *Zodiack*. The Chiromancers by Lines in the Hands, observing the Colour of them, whether ruddy or pale, their beginning and end, their windings and crosses. Among them were the Augurs, judging of future Events by the Flight of Birds, whether streight or winding. The Auspices by the Entrails of Beasts, whether sound or decay'd, marking the Colour of the Liver and the Heart, and the Motion and Turn of the Blood. Others by the neighing of Horses, and by the cry and picking of Chickens, made their Observations, and foretold good or bad Success. I thought it dangerous to converse or have to do with these People, for tho' the Un-
D 3
derstanding

derstanding was convinc'd of the Superstition of their Oracle, and the Vanity of their Predictions, yet the Will suffer'd it self to be misled and deluded by them, drawn away by I know not what secret Desire of knowing future Events; an Effect of that Part of the Divine Nature there is in Souls, which being the Product of God's Eternal Wisdom, ever aspire to be like their Creator in that which is peculiar to his Divinity, which is the Knowledge of future Events, and therefore we are not so curious to know what was before, tho' there be no difference betwixt what is past, if unknown, and what is to come, if we are ignorant of it.

On one Side Two Hills rais'd
 their Heads in the Shape of a
 Mixer, embroider'd with Wreaths
 of Laurel and Myrtle, amidst
 Strings of Pearls that hung by the
 Leaves, being fixt on them by the
 wanton Spouting of a Chrystal,
 Pleasant Fountain, the sprightly
 Off-spring

Off-spring of a Stroke of the Horse
Pegasus's Foot, which has furnish'd
 all Ages with Ingenious Fables.
 About this Beauteous Spring, the
 Product of Nature, rather than of
 Art, were *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Tasso*, and
Camoens, sporting and diverting them-
 selves, crown'd with Laurel, and
 sounding Silver Trumpets, to stir up
 Mortals to Heroick Actions. *Lucan*
 aim'd at the same, sounding a
 Brass Trumpet with a high Colour
 in his Face, and his Cheeks putr'd
 out. *Ariosto* plaid more sweetly on
 a Pipe made of several Sorts of
 Metal. *Pindar*, *Horace*, *Catullus*,
Petrarch, and *Bartholomew Leonardo*
de Argenfola, made up this Musical
 Concert with Harps that had
 Strings of Gold. To which Musick
Euripides and *Seneca*, with grave
 tightly Buskins on their Right Legs,
 and *Plautus*, *Terence* and *Lope de*
Vega with Sandals on their Feet,
 danc'd to Admiration, moving the
 Passions and Affections of the Mind
 with their Actions.

D 4

Theocritus,

Theocritus, *Sannazaro*, and *Guarino*, fed their Flocks on the neighbouring Sides of the Hills, clad in soft Lambskins, and curious Ermines, and playing alternatively by Choirs on their Reeds and Pipes, which made such sweet Musick, that their very Goats forgot to graze to listen to them. *Juvenal*, *Persius*, *Martial*, and *D. Luis de Gongora*, observ'd them all, and stung them to the quick, without sparing any, having sharp Points like Cranes-Bills for this Purpose. I fancy'd we were not safe from biting Tongues, and so we made haste away from that Fountain, and on the Top of one of those Hills we discover'd King *Alonso*; he who among the Kings of Spain was thought worthy to be call'd *The Wise*; his Mind was all on high, and he had an Astrolabe clapt to his Eye, taking an Observation towards the South Part of the Heaven, between the Constellations of *Hercules* and *Bootes*, of the Latitude of *Ariadne's* starry Crown, without

without reflecting that at the same time they were taking his Crown off his Head. The Art of reigning will not admit of the Study and Diversion of Sciences, whose Sweetness diverts the Mind from the Publick Affairs, and draws them away to Solitude, and quiet Contemplation, and to contentious Arguing, which clogs the Light of Nature, that of it self will dictate what is to be embrac'd or avoided. The Life of Princes is not so free from Cares, that it may find leisure to apply it self to the Study of Sciences.

Being once past these uncultivated Solitudes, we came into the populous and polite Part of the City, which when view'd within was not answerable to its outward Beauty; for in many Things it was Counterfeit, and had only a false outward Show. Some of the Structures were rais'd upon false Foundations, the Inhabitants being more vain than judicious in Building,

erecting new Piles with the Ruins of some, and the Materials of others ; and thus was the whole City busie, and in a hurry, their vain Labour producing more Confusion than Profit, and yet still they renew'd their Work, but added nothing to the Publick, or rather robb'd it of the Advantage and Benefit it might receive, if its Members were employ'd in finding new Contrivances and Materials to erect Palaces and Noble Structures. The Citizens were Melancholy, Lean, and Slovenly; little Unity was to be found among them, but on the contrary much Envy and Strife. There those were Noble who excell'd in Arts and Sciences, which only gavethem Respect and Honour. The rest compos'd the Commonalty, every one applying himself to that Trade which suited best with his Profession. Thus the Grammarians were Herbm-
men and Fruiterers, defaming one another as they sate in their Shops with much Conceitedness, and abundance

dance of Words, and abusing all that pass'd by without respect or regard to any Man. They call'd *Plato* Confuse; *Aristotle* Obscure and Crooked, concealing his Meaning in Darkness; *Virgil* a Plagiary, that stole *Homer's* Verses; *Cicero* Timorous, and over-abounding in Repetitions, Mean in his Jest, Tedious in his Introductions, Vain in his Digressions, and seldom Lofty; *Pliny* they compar'd to a troubled Stream, heaping up all that came in his Way; *Ovid* they accus'd of being too Easie, and vainly Eloquent; *Aulus Gellius* they said was Diffuse; *Salust* Affected; and *Seneca* like Lime without Sand.

The Criticks in this City were Botchers, Coblers, and Rag-brokers.

The Rhetoricians were Mountebanks, who sold Pouder of rotten Wood, Train-Oyl, Tar, and other such pretended Medicines, disguis'd with other no better Ingredients, setting

setting them off with abundance of Words.

The Historians were Match-makers, as being knowing in Families, and their several Interests.

The Poets went about the Streets crying little Cages with Crickets in them, curious Nosegays of Flowers, Honey-cakes for Children, Cream, Comfits and Babies.

The Physicians were Butchers, Grave-diggers, and Executioners ; and because that Wise Government would not allow of Apothecaries Shops, therefore the Apothecaries were Gunsmiths and Founders to cast Cannon ; and in their Stead *Dioscorides* sold Phyfical Herbs, Drugs, and other Simples about the Streets.

The Astrologers were Sailers and Husbandmen.

The Masters in Perspective were Mercers, as knowing how to order the Light of their Shops to the best Advantage, that their Silks might

might make the better Show, and all Faults be conceal'd.

The Logicians were Change-Brokers, Pawn-Brokers, and Cauffer-mongers.

The Philosophers were Gardeners, which gave them Opportunity to pry into the Nature of Vegetables. The Lawyers were Linnen and Woollen-Drapers, as knowing how to put a good Gloss on a bad Cloth, and to cut short in the Measure. Those who compil'd Books, collecting Passages and Sentences out of several Authors, were there employ'd in making inlay'd Cabinets, and Tables of several Stones set in Marble; and those that made Indexes to Books were Porters, and carry'd other Mens Burdens.

In this Government, as formerly in those of *Egypt* and *Lacedemon*, it was look'd upon as a commendable Quality to steal under pretence of imitating, and therefore all the Tradesmen were continually robbing one another, and new Shops were set

set up every Day with others Men's Goods. The Lawyers and the Poets made most Advantage of this Liberty of pilfering; the former because they make Use of such Multitudes of Books and Writings, and the latter because gaining Admittance in Show of selling their Baubles, they had the Opportunity of stealing the best they found wheresoever they came.

This City was govern'd by several Senators, who had gain'd Reputation by their Seniority and Experience, and the Care of Publick Affairs was divided among them. *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Dio* and *Appian* had the Management of all that related to the Commonalty; *Julius Cesar*, *Velleyus Paterculus*, *Ammianus Alexandrinus* and *Polybius*, had the Direction of Martial Affairs, *Tacitus* of the Political; and *Diodorus Siculus*, *Meta* and *Strabo* were Censors. And in regard that no Commonwealth, Kingdom, or Body Politick, can preserve it self strong
and

and sound, tho' the Head be wise in Counsel, and the Members have a perfect Union and Proportion; unless the Stomach, which is the Secretary, be of such a robust Constitution, that he duly concoct all Dispatches, without suffering them to lye undigested, and have so much Experience and Policy as to distribute to all the Parts so much Sustenance as it stands in need of; therefore this Government made use of *Suetonius, Tranquillus* in this Employment, as a Man of great Knowledge, bred to Business, acquainted with all Nations, Zealous, Discreet, and Private.

Mecenas was carry'd along a Street, lying on a Rich Bed, in a curious Litter of several Colours, carry'd by Eight Slaves clad like Soldiers. *Virgil* walk'd a-foot by his Side, complaining against *Horace*, because he unmindful of the Honours and the Favours he had receiv'd, had spoke ill of him, under the borrow'd Name of *Malebinus*, who wore

wore his Gown dragging on the Ground. I could not but laugh at the Jest, and much more at *Mecenas*, for spending his Estate in supporting a bold Freedman, without considering how dangerous sharp-biting Wits are, and how much Discretion it shows to Honour, yet to keep them at a Distance, because their own natural Acuteness prompts them to affront those that are present, by exposing their Failings, no Gratitude being prevalent enough over Self-love to oblige it to suppress a pleasant Expression when it is ready upon the end of the Tongue.

Apuleyus rode about the City on a Sorrel Ass, making good Sport for the Rabble that ran after him, some of them shouting, and others calling him Ass-stealer, because it was reported he stole that he had. How apt is the Multitude to give Credit to all Slanders cast upon Great Men, whom before they would scarce vouchsafe to look upon, tho' they deserv'd to be admir'd
for

for their Capacity ; and yet now they all gaze on and reproach him for one scandalous Word thrown in by Envy. But it may be a Comfort to Virtue that the same happens to the Moon, on whom all Men fix their Eyes when she labours under an Eclipse ; but when she is in the Full, and communicates her Light to half the Earth, no Body takes Notice of her.

Fronting a broad Street appear'd a Beautiful Structure, whose Magnificence shew'd it was a Publick Work. I enquir'd of *Polidor* what Place it was, who told me it was the Mad-house, and rather design'd to distinguish betwixt the Mad-man, than to cure them, for they hindred none from following his Humour, and playing all his fantastical Pranks. I thought that a needless Separation in a City, which might all of it be put to the same use, being inhabited by the greatest Wits in the whole World ; for it is certain there is no great one without some

Play of Madness. Two Porters
 were at the Gate, both so intent upon
 compassing their impracticable Pro-
 jects, that they regarded not who
 went in or out. One of them a lean,
 over-watch'd Fellow, was labouring
 with a Pair of Compasses in his Hand
 to square the Circle on a Slate. The
 other was as eager, and to as little
 purpose, contriving a Mathematical
 Instrument, which he conceited
 would certainly find the Longitude in
 Navigation.

Strange Humours were to be seen
 in some large Rooms. There were
 the Disciples of *Raymundus Lullus*
 turning a Parcel of Wheels, by which
 Means they hop'd in a short Time to
 be Masters in all Sciences. Many
 follow'd *Trithemius*, labouring to dive
 into his *Steganographia*, where by the
 Concurrence of Four Spirits of the
 Four Corners of the World, he thought
 he had found the Way to make him-
 self be understood like an Angel,
 without giving the Tongue the Trou-
 ble to declare what the Mind conceives;

an

an Invention which to ignorant People seem'd Diabolical, and yet was nothing but a Symbolical Cypher of the Alphabet. Some broke their Brains to read Inscriptions on Stones and Medals worn out with Age, and in searching the remaining Ruins of old Structures, to this purpose plunging themselves into Holes and Caverns in the Bowels of the Earth, whether they were sunk with their own Weight in Process of Time. Others compos'd Enigma's, Rebuses, Anagrams, Paraphrales, and labour'd to patch up Poems with Scraps pickt up and cull'd from a Multitude of Writers, wherein they spent much Time, and after all the whole Work belong'd to others, and only the Toil was their own. Some to spare slothful Persons the Trouble gather'd Nose-gays made up of Flowers and Sentences of several Authors, for which they rather deserv'd to be punish'd than rewarded, because they diminish'd the Beauty of those Sentences, which taken out of their Places are
like

like Stones drawn from a Building where they serve to set out the Work, or like Brass Money carry'd out of the Country where it is coin'd and current. Others walk'd about hastily, getting by Heart abundance of Aphorisms, Maxims, and Phrases, to be thought Learned ; and others to the same vain End endeavour'd to get the Titles of Books, and some general Notion of their Contents, which enabled them in all Companies to appear like Men of great Reading and Knowledge. In one Room I saw a great Number of Philosophers, all of them Poor, Ragged, and Wan, reduc'd to this Miserable Condition by their continual Study, who endeavouring to find out the true Peace and Felicity of Humane Life, were themselves the most Restless and Miserable of all Mortals, being all employ'd in Speculation ; and that they might devote themselves to it the more entirely, some of them had put out their own Eyes, others had cut out their Tongues, and others abstain'd from the very smell

of Flesh, and all other Delights of the Taste. Want of Sleep made them so lean and wither'd, that their Brains wanting Moisture and Nourishment, they fell into a Thousand Extravagant Notions. Some grew weary of their Lives; and despar'd, others blam'd Nature for not having made Man to their Minds; and because he was subject to so many Calamities, and were asham'd that they were Born, one condemn'd the natural Modesty in the Acts of Generation; another fancy'd, and said he was Metamorphos'd into several Shapes; another said he had been formerly a Fish, then a Tree, and lastly a Man; another despising all Buildings, liv'd in a Tub; another liv'd in continual Apprehension for fear his Soul would fly away from him; and another fearing the Wind should carry him away, ballasted himself, putting leaden Soles to his Sandals. For Diversion I brought them all together, and ask'd them what they thought of the Nature and Substance of the Soul. Some said it

was

was Fire, others Air, others a Harmony, others a Number, others a Light, others a Breath, others a Spirit; some affirm'd that it was Mortal, and others that at Times it was Mortal, and at Times Immortal. Nay, there was one that maintain'd as positively as if he had seen it, that it flew down to the Bodies from an heavenly Grove where it liv'd, and as soon as it got into them, lost its Wings, which it recover'd again at parting from them.

I was distracted with so much Folly, and getting out from among them as fast as I could, we perceiv'd abundance of People in the Porch of a House, whither Curiosity led me; and I knew *Galen*, who was there Anotomizing some Humane Bodies, and at that Time open'd the Heads of some Princes, in which he shew'd *Vesalius*, *Farneſius*, and others, who were looking on with great Attention, how those Heads wanted the Two Cells of the distinguishing Faculty, whose Seat is over the Fansie and the Memory,

memory, which lyes in the utmost of the
 Brain, and how these Two Faculties
 were reduc'd, and made subordinate
 to the Will, in which they were both
 included. I thought it strange that
 the Organs and Composition of
 Princes should differ from other Men,
 and that those Two so necessary Fa-
 culties should be wanting, or at least
 govern'd by the blind and unruly
 Will; and being about to ask the
 Reason of it, was prevented by a
 Tumult of the People, who ran about
 in a distracted manner from Place to
 Place, because a Report was spread
 abroad that the Emperor *Licinius*,
 a Mortal Enemy of that Common-
 wealth, was marching against it with
 numerous Troops of *Goths* and *Van-*
dals. There was a wonderful Confu-
 sion, and those who but a Moment
 before the Report seem'd to be Men
 above Surprize, and of Sense to ob-
 viate any Accident, appear'd then
 useless, and knew not which Way to
 turn themselves. Frequent Councils
 were held, to which all the Coun-
 sellors

fellors of the City were admitted, and among them the Four Great Counsellors of State. *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Xenophon*, and *Cornelius Tacitus*, all of them look'd upon as Great Men, who had approv'd themselves Judicious in their Writings, and deliver'd receiv'd Maxims of State; but when they should have reduc'd them to Practice, upon this Occasion they confounded one another with the many Projects which flow'd from their Wit; and yet their Judgment could not fix upon any of them, as being all Men of no Practice, and unexperienc'd in such Accidents. Thus tho' they devis'd some Methods of Defence, yet the Means were so impracticable, notwithstanding their specious Show of Subtilty, that it soon appear'd of how little Use they would be, and how much they are in the wrong who put the Management of Publick Affairs into the Hands of Speculative Wits, devoted to the Study of Sciences, who are always irresolute, not knowing what

what to resolve on among such Variety of Opinions, obstinate on account of the Force of their Arguments, and dangerous for their great Knowledge of Precedents, which are seldom rightly apply'd to the present Exigencies, because Accidents vary as much as the Times do, and Cases prove to be as unlike as Faces are. This Confusion was laid by certain Intelligence brought them, that it was a false Alarm, for the Emperor was many Days march from the City, which restor'd it to Peace and Quietness, and I went on.

Coming into a Square I saw *Alexander* of *Ales*, and *Scotus*, performing wonderful Feats on a Rope, and *Erasmus* endeavouring to do the like, as if there were no more in the Flights of Divine Philosophy than in the mean grovelling of Grammar, he got a dreadful Fall, at which all the Standers-by laugh'd Heartily. On one side of the Square stood *Critias*, the Athenian Tyrant, *Epicurus*, *Diagoras* and *Theodorus*, discoursing together

gether very close in Cabal, and whispering for fear any Body should hear them, and seem'd so reserv'd and full of Apprehension, that it inflam'd my Curiosity to know what it was they were talking of; and therefore drawing near, I heard *Critias* impiously and sacrilegiously say, the first Lawgivers in the World were certainly very Wise and Politick, forasmuch as they observing that the Rigour of Humane Laws was not of sufficient Force to correct the Vices of Men, as having no Dominion over the Mind, or Power to restrain them by Fear from contriving within themselves, and putting their Machinations in Practice, when no Witnesses were by to discover their Actions, therefore they gave out there was a God who knew the most secret Thoughts of the Heart, and who after this Life bestow'd Eternal Rewards on Virtue, and Eternal Punishment on Vice; *Critias* his Companions approv'd of what he said, disowning their Creator, and *Epicurus* more positively maintain'd

tain'd it was a Contrivance, as one that was willing to enjoy all Worldly Satisfaction, without any Inward Check or Remorse ; - and yet he thought it convenient that this Cheat should still pass upon the Multitude, because without it no Man could say his Life or his Estate was his own. I was surpriz'd at the foolish Impiety of those Atheists, and look'd earnestly into their Faces to see whether they had any Eyes, because none but such as wanted them could be guilty of such profound Ignorance ; and therefore it was that the *Egyptians* express'd them by a Man painted with his Eyes in his Feet, because had they been plac'd above, looking up to Heaven, and should consider that great Planet the Father of Light, and Leader of the innumerable Multitude of Stars, that continual Motion of the Spheres, and that Divine Architecture, incomprehensible to Humane Understanding, in which the Power or Art of Man could have no Hand, he must needs immediately own an Almighty First Cause,

Cause, and humbly bowing himself down, must in Nature adore an Eternal Wisdom and Omnipotency. Being somewhat nettled at those Atheists, I ask'd *Marcus Varro* why that Government admitted of those ignorant People, void of all Religion, contradicting all Nations in this Particular, and of such mean Spirits, that whereas all Men endeavour to make themselves Eternal, and that Life may not end in Death, these alone by their fond Opinions maintain the Mortality of the Soul, and by that Means make us equal to the Beasts. He answer'd me, Where arguing is in Vogue, there must of Necessity be some that hold all Opinions, tho' never so extravagant; but as for the Atheists, they are guilty of more Malice than Ignorance, and thus they impose upon themselves to go on in their depriv'd Practices, in opposition to the Light of Nature. I thought the Company of such Philosophers Contagious, and therefore would not stay any longer in the Square where they were, tho'

tho' there was Variety of other Objects
that invited me.

Going thence into a Street I spy'd
Lucian, who was leading *Pliny*,
Aldobrandus, *Gesnerus*, and other
Natural Philosophers, to hear a Swan
sing that was then just ready to die,
and to admire his Musical Sweetness
in the last Moments of his Life, so
much Celebrated. We follow'd them,
and he shew'd them a grey Ass
that lay dying by a Pound's side.
I was pleas'd with the Jest, but
more to see that *Lucian*, according
to his usual Cunning and Slyness,
would fain perswade them the Gods
had Metamorphos'd him, that no
Man might flatter himself, but he
might die an Ass, tho' he fancy'd
himself never so much a Swan.

At a small Distance from thence
I met *Diogenes* the Cynick walking
about the Streets with a Looking-
glass of Self-knowledge, which
represented to the Life all Virtues
and Vices of those that look'd on
it; and he was inviting all the

Citizens to look and know themselves; but not one of them would turn his face that Way, or see what was within him. I was much surpriz'd at it, considering that Commonwealth was made up of Wise and Learned Men; and being willing to find an Excuse for them, I began to consider, and reflected within my self whether it might not be, that as God with a particular Providence had so form'd Man that he could not see his own Face, lest if it was Beautiful he should always be conceited, and in love with himself, and if deform'd should hate himself, whether, I say, he had not in the same manner made it difficult to him to discover his own Imperfections and Failings, and chiefly those of the Understanding, to the end that this being it that distinguishes him from Beasts, and which gives him a sort of divinity above his Fellow-Creatures, he might not live in Discontent, if he should come to be sensible of his own Defects;

Defects; and hence we see it proceeds that they are equally happy who have little or much Sense, the Conceit and Opinion they have of themselves making them all equal, no Man yeilding himself inferior to another as to the Qualities of the Mind.

No sooner was *Diogenes* gone, but looking about I spy'd *Archimedes* coming out of his House, with his Brow knit, and his Eyes fixt on the Ground, so wholly rapt and absort in contriving and inventing his Machines, that he had one Foot bare, and on his Head a Red Cap he us'd to lye in at Night, taking no more Notice, than if he had been deaf, of the Scofts of the Mob that follow'd making Sport at him. By this I perceiv'd how unfit they are for all Publick Affairs, or the Business of the Court, who immoderately devote themselves to Sciences; from which, if they are once remov'd, they have scarce the Appearance of Men, but look more like Inanimate Stocks.

Pythagoras stood at a Barber's Door, perswading other Philosophers to believe the Transmigration of Souls from one Body to another; whence he deduc'd the several Instincts and Inclinations of Beasts. The Souls of Kings he said were transmitting into the Bodies of Lions, who seem to be awake, and yet are fast asleep. Those of Princes into Elephants, whence those Creatures were so proud, and endur'd any thing for any foolish Title, or vain shew of Greatness. Those of Judges into Dogs, who bite the Poor, and fawn upon the Rich. Those of unmannerly Persons into Elks, which do not bow the Knee. Those of Poets into Bears, that live by sucking their Paws. I was listning to this Discourse with much Satisfaction, but an unluckly Fellow threw a Parcel of Beans into the Ring, and *Pythagoras* out of Countenance at it, covering his Head with his Cloak, went into the Shop, leaving us in a Doubt concerning the Cause

Cause of his Resentment, and making several Judgments upon the Reason that mov'd him to forbid that Sort of Grain. Some said his Design was to countenance Chastity, the Bean being the Emblem of Lasciviousness. Others said it was to perswade Men to be upright in their Votes, which were formerly given by Beans. What I most reflected on was to see how easily those who most value themselves upon their Wisdom and Discretion are affronted, and put out of Countenance upon the most trivial Occasion, because they are proud, and soon put into fear that they shall forfeit that Esteem others have of them.

Turning a Corner we met *Scipio Africanus* and *Lelius* abusing *Terence*, endeavouring to take away his Sandals he conceitedly walk'd about the City with, and pretending he had stole 'em from them; and Violence prevailing above Truth they forc'd them off his Feet. Such is the Effect of an unlimited Power in

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Princes,

Princes, who not satisfy'd with their own inward Perfections, usurp the Talent of other Men, and set themselves off with their Feathers, the Toil and the Wisdom of the Poor.

In one Street I perceiv'd there was nothing but Barber-Surgeons Shops on both Sides of the Way ; and wondring at it, ask'd *Marcus Varro* how there came to be so many of that Trade in a Commonwealth of Learned Men, who affected wearing their Hair and Beards long. He laugh'd heartily, and answer'd, Those are no Barbers, but Criticks; a Sort of Surgeons, who make it their Business in this Commonwealth to finish or mend the Bodies of Authors. To some they put on false Noses, to others false Hair, and so Teeth, Eyes, Arms, and Legs ; and what is still worse, on Pretence that when Books were all Writ before Printing, many Errata's crept into them, they cut off their Fingers, or their whole Hands,

Hands, alledging that they are not their own that they brought into the World, and put them on others, so that they all come abroad out of their Shops strangely mangled and disfigur'd. Nor do they stop here, but have the Presumption to find out Thoughts and Fancies the Authors never had, and then altering some Words, they alter the whole Sense, and so they, as it were, inlay the Books. I scarce thought my own Nose was safe upon my Face in that Street, and therefore getting out of it as fast as I could, I told *Polidor* we had seen that very Sort of People when we come into the City in another Sort of Employment. He answer'd me with a pleasing smile, There are Criticks enough to to serve all those Trades.

Democritus was coming along the same Street, laughing out so loud that I could not forbear asking him the Motive, thinking it strange to see a wise Philosopher so much discompos'd. He after long struggling to

to quell that merry Fit, answered,
 There are so many Things in this
 Commonwealth to provoke a Man
 to laugh, tho' he be never so full
 of Melancholly, that your Question is
 only excuseable in regard to your
 being a Stranger, and therefore I will
 satisfie your Curiosity by laying before
 you the general Causes, that you may
 not think this Disorder proceeds
 from Folly. When the Desire of
 Knowledge had caus'd me to Travel
 through *India, Persia, Chaldea, and*
Ethiopia, and I had found out the
 Vanity of all Sciences, the Evils this
 Commonwealth labours under, and
 how miserably it is ruin'd by its
 own People, I concluded it was the
 best Way to laugh at all Things,
 for it would be a fruitless Attempt
 to oppose so many, and in vain to
 grieve for what I cannot mend.
 And tho' my Heart were pierc'd with
 Sorrow, I could never forbear
 laughing amidst so many ridiculous
 Motives. Is it possible for any Zeal
 or Concern to hinder a Man from
 laughing

laughing when he sees what an indiscreet Value all Nations put upon this Commonwealth, and how foolishly they respect it, looking upon nothing as true or certain but what flows from the Mouth, or is deliver'd by the Pens of these Citizens, who relying on this Credulity, and contending with the Supreme Artificer, have feign'd most hideous, airy Creations, and monstrous Productions, never so much as thought of by Nature, perswading the World there were *Tritons*, *Nereides*, and *Phorci* in the Sea ; *Pegasus*, *Harpies*, and such Monsters in the Air ; *Satyrs*, *Pans*, *Silens*, *Silvans*, and *Centaurs* on the Mountains ; *Dryades* and *Hamadryades* in the Woods ; and *Nymphs* and *Napeæ* in the Fountains. The Inhabitants of this Commonwealth were they that perswaded the World to embrace Idolatry, erecting Altars to, and adoring the Heavens, the Constellations, the Elements, and all other Rational and Irrational

nal Creatures, down to the most
 Vile and Insensible ; and the better
 to excuse their own Vices, they have
 left no Sea, River, Fountain, I-
 land, Mountain, Rock, Tree, or
 Place, or other created Being, in
 which, under the Veil of sundry
 Metomorphoses or Transformations
 they have not preserv'd the Memory
 of the Thefts, Adulteries and Rapes
 committed by their Gods ; presu-
 ming to defame those pure Lights in
 the Firmament, making of them
 such Beasts or Birds as were
 accessory to their Lewdness and
 Beastly Lust. How do you think
 I can forbear laughing, when I see
 it is from these Citizens that all
 Nations receive their Instructions
 for to lead a Moral Life ; by them
 they are taught what Value to
 put upon Virtue, and how to
 compose their Mind, and yet at the
 same time none more Irregular
 than they, none more subject to
 Anger, more inordinate in Love,
 more inclin'd to Envy, more subser-
 vient

vient to Ambition, more Inconstant,
 more Vain, more Fond of them-
 selves, more apt to Despise others,
 more Haughty, or more Obstinate.
 I cannot forbear laughing when
 I see how Fickle and how Vain-
 glorious some of those are who
 have gain'd the Reputation of
 Learning in this Commonwealth,
 and walk about the Streets strutting
 like proud Peacocks, valuing them-
 selves on their Learning, and conceit-
 ed of their Wisdom and Under-
 standing in Outward Matters, with-
 out knowing anything of them-
 selves; for their Minds are as
 unpolish'd as the Rocks, and as
 barbarous and intractable as the
 Savage Beasts. These are the Men
 I make sport with, and laugh at,
 and only respect him, who, tho' a
 Stranger to Sciences, can govern his
 Passions and Affections, being sen-
 sible that he cannot want any thing,
 because all Things are to him
 superfluous; and his Happiness, tho'
 not to be compar'd with, bears
 some

some Resemblance to that of the
 Deity. I laugh as much at those
 who are so vain as to think they
 render him Immortal to whom they
 dedicate their Books, as *Appion* the
 Grammarian conceited, and with
 most humble Pride Consecrate them
 to great Princes, who are Strangers
 to the first Rudiments of Learning,
 pleading they stand in Need of their
 Protection against Malicious Persons,
 as if it were in their Power to
 defend what they do not understand;
 or as if since Printing is become a
 Trade, the Liberty of Railing were
 not purchas'd with the Book. The
 Ancients were Wiser, and not so guilty
 of Flattery, who either Dedicated
 their Books to their Friend, or to
 some intelligent Prince, to whom
 the Subject it contain'd gave a good
 Title to the Work. Then if we
 consider the Sciences themselves,
 which are the Principal Treasure of
 this Commonwealth, how many
 Things shall we find in them, and
 in their Professors, which will rather
 move

move us to Laughter than Compassion? Observe the Vanity of the Grammarians, who puff'd up with the Knowledge of the Latin Tongue, presume to discourse of all Sciences and Professions, Look how conceited and fond of it self Rhetorick is, for disguizing the Truth under its false Colours and Dress; tho' it is no other but a Species of Flattery, an Art of Deceiving, and using a pleasing Violence on the Affections; being so great a Jilt, that she seems to be what she is not, and is what she seems not to be. This same is *Orpheus's* Harp, which drew the Beasts after it, and that of *Amphion*, which attracted the very Stones, when bewitch'd by her being no better than Beasts and Stones. Therefore the *Spartans* would never admit her into their City, the *Romans* expell'd her twice, and the *Stoicks* turn'd her out of their Schools, because she moves the Passions, and heightens the Distempers of the Soul. *Socrates* calls Orators Publick Flatterers, and warns

warns us of the Danger of admitting them to Offices in the Commonwealth, because they deceive the Multitude, moving them with the Sweetness of their Words to whatsoever they desire, and on the Confidence of this Power and Force in their Tongue they raise Mutinies, as has been shown by Experience in the *Bruti*, *Cassij*, *Gracchi*, *Cato's*, *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, and others. Poetry is Sister to Rhetorick, and she proudly despises all Sciences, vainly pretending to Precedence from them all, because to her alone Antiquity erected Theatres. She will not own herself descended from Labour, the vile clownish Father of other Arts, but derives her Pedigree from Heaven. She is very full of Vainglory, because the *Scythians*, the *Cretensians*, and the *Spaniards*, writ their Laws in Verse, and the *Goths* their Exploits. Yet she might with good Cause lay aside this Arrogant Presumption, considering she is an Affected and Vain Art, and opposite

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to Truth, which it only pretends to imitate; ever describing and representing that which is not; and to excuse its own Lewdness, has made the Gods guilty of so many Immodesties, Adulteries and Rapes, as the Inventors of them; and it is she that inflames the Amorous Passion, feeding the Fire that wastes both Parties with Alluring Expressions, Soft Cadencies, and has such a detraacting Tongue that she feeds upon the Ruins of other Peoples Honour and Reputation. All Men are sensible how much Queen *Dido* has been wrong'd by her, and yet she might be a Pattern of Modesty, Reserv'dness and Chastity to all Widow Matrons. For these and other Reasons Poetry was banish'd out of several Commonwealths, and Wisdom cast her from near *Boetius*.

History is no less mischievous in the World; for Men being naturally fond of Immortality, and this being to be acquir'd by Fame, whether
it

it be Good or Bad, which is not eterniz'd by Statues of Brass or Marble, but by History; hence it is that Humane Nature being more inclinable to Vice than to Virtue, there are many, who, like *Erostratus*, undertake some notable Villany, to the end that Historians may remember them. Beside the Vices as well as the Virtues of Kings and great Princes being found in all Annals, we are more apt to excuse our own Faults by the Example of their Failings, than to endeavour to imitate their Virtues. But that which most moves me to laugh, is to see the Vanity of Historians, in pretending that the Theory and Practice of Politics are grounded on their Observations and Reflections, as if Prudence could lay any Stress on them; for there is scarce an Historian to be found who is faithful in his Relations, being corrupted or led away either by Self-love, or by Flattery, or Hatred, or by a Private Ill Inclination, or for want

want of enquiring strictly after the Truth, all of them taking more Pains to settle themselves a Reputation of knowing Men than to deliver the Truth, and regarding the Publick Example more than the Matter of Fact. The *Greeks* valu'd themselves upon Invention, and not upon Fact, and the *Latins* imitated them; and tho' in some of them Things should happen to be deliver'd just as they were, yet prudent Policy cannot without great Danger relye on their Relations, because it is requisite to dive into the Causes of those Actions, which, tho' deliver'd by Historians, are uncertain, invented, or taken from the Common Vogue of the Ignorant and Unthinking Multitude; few or none of those that write having been present when the Things were done; and tho' any of them had been, yet they could not be in all Parts; nor were they call'd or admitted into the Counsels of Princes to know the true Motives of their Publick and Private Actions; but they were guided by Relations they

re-

receiv'd, in which every Man justifies and extols his own Cause : And very often the Motives are guess'd at by the Events, in which Case Prejudice or Affection are very prevalent ; and very often the base Temper of some Writers, egg'd on by the Sharpness of their Wit, interprets the Actions of Princes in the worst Sense ; and Vices being always in the very next Degree to Virtues, this gives the Occasion to call the Brave Rash, the Generous Prodigal, the Considering Slothful, and the Cautious Fearful. There is another no less danger Historians are expos'd to, which is, that Interest makes them flatter, and without it they write Satyr, and therefore *Vellejus Paterculus* Praises *Tiberius* *Livia* and *Sejanus*, whereas *Cornelius Tacitus*, inveighs against the Ambition of *Sejanus*, exposes the Adultery of *Livia*, and lays open the Dissimulation of *Tiberius*, showing himself too sharp and malicious in interpreting their Words, and give them a different Sense

Sense from what they might well bear, a scandalous and dangerous Liberty in an Historian, against which no Action can be safe. *Xenophon* does not write what *Cyrus* was, but what he should have been. Thus Fame has heap'd Flattery on *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Theseus*, *Epaminondas*, *Lysander*, *Themistocles*, *Xerxes*, *Darius*, *Alexander*, *Pirrhbus*, *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, *Pompey*, and *Cesar*, the Famous Robbers and Tyrants of the World.

Observe in Natural Philosophy the Art of Logick, how it is involv'd in Sophistical and Deceitful Arguments and Words, confuse in the very Terms and Expressions it has invented to be understood, and is so entirely rapp'd them, that it does not so much as look up, or raise it self to dive into the hidden Secrets of Nature, as it was wont to do in its Original, and you may have observ'd in the first Inventors of this Science. And since you have already pass'd by the Schools and several Sects of Moral Philosophers,

phers, it will be needless for me to be tedious in discovering to you how they conceal their Vices under the vain Show of Virtue; the *Epicureans* are given to Pleasure, the *Peripateticks* Covetous, the *Platonicks* and *Stoicks* Haughty and Vainglorious; there you could not but see the Incongruity of their Opinions in fixing the Felicity of Man, for *Epicurus* and *Aristippus* plac'd it in Pleasure, *Pythagoras* and *Socrates* in Virtue, *Theophrastus* in Fortitude, *Aristotle* in Contemplation, *Diodorus* in feeling no Pain, *Periander* in Honour, Glory and Riches, *Dinocrates* and *Calippus* in Pleasure, join'd with Virtue. Do but consider whether ever you heard more Ingenious, Extravagant Notions. Among them all I took Notice that none of the Philosophers had plac'd the Felicity of Man in not writing, which is one of the greatest and most toilsome Labours of Humane Life. Only *Plato* was more clear-sighted than the rest, and discover'd that true Felicity was not to be found in Earthly Things,

Things, but in the Union with the Sovereign Good, by being again incorporated with his Being; for as long as Man lives he is expos'd to the Miseries and Wants of Nature; he is the Sport of Fortune, a meer flitting Shadow, a certain Prey to Death; and this World, that was given him for his Habitation, is false and inconstant, a Field of Battle, a Theatre on which our Tragedies are acted, and therefore of Consequence no perfect Felicity can be found either in Man or in the World; we must seek it in another Being, and another Place, continu'd the Philosopher; and turning to *Marcus Varro*, and to me, with a smiling Countenance, went on, saying, Do but take notice how full of Vanity Arithmetick is, because *Pythagoras* dreamt that all Sciences were contain'd under its Numbers, whereas she was brought for that the same Birth with the Game of Dice, and was afterwards nurs'd up by Avarice, till now her Magical Characters in a most inconsiderable

F Space

Space contain all the Riches in the World, and express the Paces in the Travels of the Sun.

Observe the Arrogancy of Geometry, because without her there was no Admittance into *Plato's* School, and because with her Help the *Egyptians* made Statues that spoke, *Archytas* the Tarentine a Pigeon that flew, and *Archimedes* the Glass Orbs, which follow'd all the Heavenly Motions; and yet she forgets her base Birth, being no better than the Product of the Inundations of *Nile*, and Sister all the imperfect Creatures it spawns. However, this she may boast of above all Humane Sciences, that her Principles are more fixt and certain, in which all Men agree, without any of that Disagreement and Jarring in Opinions, which we find in Astronomy, the *Arabs*, *Egyptians* and *Chaldeans*, differing not only about the Number of the Heavens, but of their Motions, Positions, Epicycles, &c. every one contriving them according to his own Way, without knowing whether they
are

are really so ; because Speculative Wits being utterly confounded by the different Courses of the Stars and Motions of the Heavens, all of them so unlike, and rather opposite to one another, that it was impossible they should be found in one and the same Body, therefore they invented a Number of Heavens, and in them such Orbs, Epicycles, &c. as solve that which seem'd impossible to our weak Capacity, and settle our uneasy Thought, giving us the Means by that imaginary Form to measure and regulate their Motions, which indeed is the most noble and beneficial Falseness, producing the most real and certain Effects that ever Man invented ; for by it are known to a Minute the Eclipses, and future Aspects, and the Motions of the Stars and Planets, tho' some are not yet absolutely fix'd ; as for instance, in *Mars* and others have been but lately found out by the Help of Telescopes. And if these be not yet fully discover'd, and it is absolutely necessary that all

be exactly adjusted for the making
 of a Judgment by them, how comes
 Astrology to presume to foretel future
 Events, since this must be done by the
 Motion and Disposition of the Hea-
 vens, and by the Nature of the Stars?
 The Understanding whereof, accord-
 ing to the Direction of their Light
 and Beams, is far above the Reach of
 poor Humane Understanding, which
 is no proper and sufficient Instrument
 to discover from Earth what is done
 in Heaven. And tho' the Causes are
 deduc'd and known by the Effects, yet
 this is not practicable in the Heavens,
 because the Number of Stars being
 almost infinite, who can pretend to
 know from which of them those
 Effects proceeded? And the more, be-
 cause the said Effects vary according
 to their several Aspects and Positions?
 Again, tho' the true Virtues and Na-
 ture of the Stars were certainly known,
 how can any but a rash Judgment be
 made by them, since it is most true,
 and allow'd by all, that they only in-
 cline, but do not compell? For Li-
 berty,

berty, Education, Discipline, Religion,
 Custom, Place, Obedience, Prudence,
 and Abundance of other Accidents, al-
 ter or correct Inclination. Nor is
 that any more likely which *Origen*
 and *Albertus Magnus* deliver, viz.
 That the Stars are not the Cause of
 future Events, but only Tokens of
 what the Free-will is to act, writ
 by God in Letters of Light, or
 Characters of Stars, in the vast Vo-
 lume of the Heavens, whose different
 Motions are, as it were, the turning
 over of so many Leaves, which lay
 it open for the World to read all fu-
 ture Events. This, I say, is no bet-
 ter grounded than the rest, because
 the Accidents that may proceed from
 Chance and Free-will in such a Mul-
 titude of Years, and among so many
 Millions of Mortals, being almost
 infinite, it is impossible they can be
 denoted by Stars, which ever ob-
 serve a Perpetual and Regular Mo-
 tion.

However, those that spend th^r Lives
 in the Study of this Science may plead

for their Excuse, that they aspire to a certain Sort of Divinity in aiming at the Knowledge of future Events. But what can the Lawyers say for themselves, who always live for others? Being employ'd about other Mens Cases and Troubles, and plung'd in a Faculty which loads the Memory, like an Elephant with Castles, or rather Mountains of Books and Precedents; a Profession, which, like an Entail, descends from Fathers to Sons in Books of Common Places, where all Cases are found, and not study'd, and where the Wit laying aside its Noble Liberty, blindly obeys the Words and Meaning of the Lawgiver, and is oblig'd to stand by it, as if Laws were always grounded on the first Principles of Nature; and therefore I cannot conceive how Law, which is the Offspring of Inconstant and Ignorant Humane Understanding can be call'd a Science. Those Ancient first Lawgivers were very sensible of what I say; for they well knowing that their Laws were only meer Humane

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Precepts, endeavour'd to Authorize them among the Multitude, by perswading them they were inspir'd by some Deity, as *Osiris* pretended to be by *Mercury*, *Minos* by *Jove*, *Charondas* by *Saturn*, *Solon* by *Minerva*, *Licurgus* by *Apollo*, and *Numa Pompilius* by the Nymph *Egeria*. And yet if we examine those Laws, we shall find that many of them deviate from Honesty and Reason, and from the Dictates of Nature, and have a Relish of Humane Malice, by which they were dictated. The Sons of the Law are such a Sort of Men, that they must be paid to Talk, and to hold their Peace; I should think them the most Pernicious Men in the World if there were no Physicians; for as the Lawyers waste our Estate, so they destroy our Life. None have greater Experience of this Truth than Princes, because Physicians being sensible how Natural it is to Man to desire to live, and that they are most respected by Sick and Unhealthy People, therefore they think it a Piece of Policy to impair

the Health of Princes that they may be always in their Power, and Reward and Enrich them. Therefore was that King of *France* highly commended for his Prudence, who when he was not Sick allow'd his Physicians large Salaries, and took them away as soon as he fell Sick. The *Egyptians*, the *Babylonians*, and the *Arcadians*, liv'd out of Danger of this Evil, for they would never admit of this Science or this Art Military, which was doubtless brought in during the Civil Wars, when it is likely they made War upon one another with it, as they do at present with Fire and Sword. *Greece* was no Stranger to this Weapon, for it sent Physicians to *Rome* to destroy it, and that Commonwealth being sensible of it, banish'd them. How uncertain this Science is appears in that the Constitutions of Men are as various and different as their Faces, and so hidden, that every Man himself alone can know his own by Experience; and even that may fail, because in Process of Time it changes

changes upon several Accidents. Now it being almost impossible for Physicians to attain this Knowledge, they can never perform a Cure Right without it; and tho' they could be Masters of it, there are so many Causes from whence they proceed, that there is no Learning of them to apply the proper Remedies; and if these were once understood, there would still be wanting another Knowledge of the Virtues and Qualities of Medicines which Nature has providently conceal'd from us, by that Means to make the more free Correspondence, Trade and Commerce betwixt all Nations. For it has so distributed its Virtues among Stones, Plants and Animals, that they might not all be found in any one Thing or Place, but in several, that the Necessity of seeking that in another Country which was wanting at Home, might unite them all in Love and Amity. And tho' Experience continually labours to discover these Secrets, and has found out some of them, yet the Application is still

dangerous; for those very Things which cure one Part, have some hidden Quality which make them hurtful to another. But what needs any more Argument than to observe how few die a natural Death, tho' almost all Men would die so, if there were any Certainty in Physick, which would then so correct the Four Humours of the Body, and preserve such a Temper betwixt them, that they must come of themselves to decay equally all together: He was well convinc'd of this Truth who said of Physick, that the Study of it was long, Life short, and Experience deceitful; and therefore Physicians are more dangerous than the Diseases themselves, for generally nature has more Power to prevail against them than against the Medicinal Potions, and Poisonous Draughts.

This is the Perfection of Sciences taken in that Degree, they are Possess'd by most of the Inhabitants of this Commonwealth, and these are the general Causes why I am always laughing; besides

besides the addition very often of particular Accidents, as that which happened but now, and put you upon asking me what I laugh'd so heartily at, which was at the sight of a Poet, who having just writ an Epigram, before the Ink could be dry upon the Paper ran like a Mad Man to show it to his Friends in as great Haste as if his Nose had been cut off, and he were carrying it to the Surgeon to put on again before it was cold. This Fancy set *Marcus Varro* and me a laughing: And *Heracitus*, who was standing by with his Eyes shedding Tears, fix'd on the Ground, hearing us, look'd up, and dispelling those continual Clouds that hung on his Brow, with the Heat of Passion said, It is impossible any Man should laugh in this Commonwealth, except such a one as for want of Sense is not capable of understanding its Misfortunes, and does not reflect how niggardly Nature has been in distributing its Blessings among its Inhabitants. For tho' Logick, Rhetorick, Poetry, Natural

tural Philosophy, and other Sciences were Born with us, yet were they Born wrapp'd up in such rude Ignorance, that it requires a continual Labour to bring them out a little to Light, in which we waste our Years. For as Diamonds, Gold and Silver, are found in the Mines, cover'd with such coarse earthly Crusts, that unless they are cleans'd and wrought by cutting or melting, their hidden Value does not appear; even so it requires a tedious Course of Toil and Labour to polish our Understanding, and discover to it the Sciences which lye in it. How many Tears do we shed, how much Vexation do we go through in our Infancy, how many Travels do we afterwards undertake, and how much do we break our Rest in our riper Years, how much do we Read, Write and Study, to gain some little Glimmering of Light for the Understanding? And what is still worse is, that to compass this we stood in need of Irrational Creatures for our Masters, Nature having prov'd more Courteous

teous and Bountiful to them than to us. It was they that taught us many Arts and Sciences. Of the Bees we learnt Policy, and of the Ants Economy; the former gave us an Example of Monarchical Government in a single Person, and the latter of the Aristocratical in a few, and those the best. The Cranes shew'd us the Democracy, which communicates the Care of the Publick to all in their Turns. The Kite taught the Art of Navigation, making Oars of its Wings, and a Rudder of its Tail. The Quail directed to make the Sails, and the Spider to weave. We learnt of the Swallow to build; of the Stork to give a Clister; of the *Hippopotamus*, or River-Horse, to let Blood; and of the Elephant Surgery. In Brutes we may find all the Astronomical Observations the continual Study of Man has found out. The *Cynocephalus* by his barking marks out the Days, and Nights, and the Hours, like a living Clock, and shows us the Equinox; the Dolphins, the Ducks, and the Kingfishers, foretel what Sort
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of Weather it will be. Just as *Heraclitus* was speaking these Words, and about going on, we were forc'd to withdraw into a Porch by a great Drove of several Sorts of Beasts, as Lions, Tigers, Wolves, Foxes, and many others, even of the imperfect Creatures, produc'd by the Filth of the Earth, who all were following a monstrous deform'd ugly Fellow, with a sharp Head, an Irregular Forehead, his Eyes sunk, his Nose flat, his Lips sticking out, his Skin coal Black, and a great Bunch at his Back, and another before; about his Neck was an Iron Ring, and both his Cheeks branded. As soon as *Heraclytus* saw him, he went on with his Discourse, saying, Follow that Slave, whose Name is *Esop*, and you'll find that he making those Beasts to speak, by their Means teaches this Commonwealth the true Morals, Philosophy and Policy, those being the sincerest and safest Masters it has. Is all this I have said, O *Democritus*, a subject of Laughter, or rather of continual Tears in a Philosopher,

pher, who regards the Poorness of our Humane Nature? This Reproof, attended by abundance of Tears, was not of force to give any Check to *Democritus* his laughing Humour. For my Part I laugh'd at them both, seeing the one fret because the other would not weep, and the other make a Jest of him because he would not laugh; yet upon second Thoughts they both seem'd to me envious Passions against Sciences, which are Certain Attributes or Principal Parts of the Deity, who wanting any of them, would cease to be God. What is Poetry but a Divine Flame, kindled in very few? Rhetorick an Heavenly Inspiration to perswade us to Virtue, History a Celestial Mirror, in which we see Times past and present, and have an Idea of those to come? Natural Philosophy a Discovery of the Sovereign Power? Morality a Copy of that same Virtue? Astronomy an Instance of that Greatness? Arithmetick a limited Discovery of that Infinity, Essence and Majesty? Geometry an Instrument of its
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Government in Number, Weight, and Measure? The Law an Exercise of its Justice? And Physick an Effect of its Goodness? But what is it that Envy will not carp at? The Sun does so excel in Beauty amongall Creatures, that the adoring him as God seems excusable, and yet there are some, who tho' they have not Eyes like Eagles, that can bear looking on him, pretend to examine his Rays, and tell us there are Spots and Blemishes in his Light.

Therefore leaving those Philosophers to their mad Humours, I turn'd a Corner of a Street, and met *Sappho* running out of her House holding up her Coats, running away from her Father, who pursu'd her in a Passion. I stopp'd him, and he complain'd to me grievously against his Daughter, telling me she was so taken up in making Verses, that she had quite laid aside all that belong'd to good Housewifery, as Sewing, Embroidering, Spinning, Knitting, &c. which are the Sciences fittest for Women, and their most proper Imploy,

to which they ought wholly to apply themselves, and take Pride in them, and not in Learning, which serves only to distract them, and make them so vain and conceited with their Knowledge, that they think of nothing but being present at Conferences and Disputes among Men, without any regard to the Natural Modesty and Reserv'dness due to their Sex, and with evident Danger to their Virtue. I could not but much Compassionate the Good Old Father, knowing that his Daughter's studious Extravagancies, and her lewd Courses grown so notorious in that City, made his Old Age unhappy; and having in some measure pacify'd him with the most plausible Excuses I could think on, I enter'd into a Market-place, where I saw those so-much Celebrated Stories of *Plantin*, of the Flower-de-Luce, the Griphon, the Salamander, and others, where was to be found a wonderful Variety of all Sorts of dainty Food. There were *Eneides* Stew'd, Boil'd, Halh'd, and in Pyes; *Fasti* and *Metamorphoses* Roasted,

Roasted, Fry'd in Amulets, and Poach'd, besides a Thousand other Sorts of Dishes, which I am apt to believe were in a great Measure the Cause of the Distempers reigning among those Citizens, as Indigestion, and Pains in the Head, that kept them always lean, and made them look pale, because they could not forbear that studious Gluttony. Of all I saw there, nothing provok'd my Appetite, but some Poets Plucks, and Giblets of Commonwealths, we saw curiously dress'd, and set out in *Plantin's* Inn. We had gone in, but that *Marcus Varro* put it off till after we had visited the Courts of Judicature, which were opposite to this Market-place or Square. We made thither directly, and observ'd that at the Gates there were many put upon the Rack for Perjury, because they had asserted some Things upon Oath, without being acquainted with, or having any knowledge of them, only upon the Word and Authority of their Masters. The same Punishment

ment was inflicted upon Abundance of Northern People for living in Adultery with the *Greek Tongue*. Then going into a great Hall, to which Two Grammarians were Porters, we spy'd the Three Judges, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and *Æacus*, so much Celebrated by Antiquity, sitting on the Judgment-seat. Proclamation being made, in came an Old Greyheaded Fellow, leaning on a Staff, with his Head and Hand shaking, who, as near as a Man could guess by his Looks, was above Ninety Years of Age, and he came to plead in several Causes at the Bar. I admir'd that at such an Age he should not dedicate his last decrepit Days to Peace and Quietness, and asking *Marcus Varro* who he was, he answer'd me, this is that pleader *Turanus*, *Seneca's* great Acquaintance, so us'd to the Noise and Brawling of the Courts, that when *Cayus Cæsar* discharg'd him from following them any longer, he retir'd to his House, and taking his Bed, as if he were giving up the Ghost, order'd

der'd his Servants to mourn as if he were dead, and accordingly all his Family lamented their Old Master's being forc'd to live at Ease ; and had not he been restor'd to his Employment he had been dead and bury'd. Such is the fond Ambition of Men, that they will rather chuse to live for others than for themselves, being never sensible of the Felicity of Inward Peace. I would fain have heard him plead, but was hindred by a crowd of Serjeants, who brought in *Julius Cæsar Scaliger*, with a Gag on his Mouth, and Minacles on his Hands. After him came *Ovid*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Claudian*, *Statius*, *Silius*, *Italicus*, *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*, and *Martial*, all of them almost maim'd, and their Faces full of Hacks and Scars, one without a Nose, another without Eyes, some with false Hairs, and others with wooden Legs and Arms, so strangely disfigur'd, that they scarce knew themselves. When the Hubbub was over, *Ovid*, as the best Spokesman, who in his Youth had study'd the Law and Rhetorick, spoke for them all, and open'd the Cause against *Scaliger* in these Words. It is needless in this Case, most learned and upright Judges, to employ the force of Rhetorick to gain your Goodwill with a study'd Exordium, to fix your Attention with a formal Proposition, to inform your Judgment with a tedious Narrative, to convince it with Repetition and Confirmation ; and then summing all up to move your Passions, and perswade you to Severity in the Punishment you shall inflict ; for when the Crime appears

appears visible before your Eyes, when you behold the Bloody Hand that committed it, and see the Bleeding Wounds it has made, the Truth of the Fact would rather be discredited than receive any Advantage by any Flowers of Rhetorick, and your Readiness to chastize Offenders would be out of Patience at a tedious Narrative. Let our disfigur'd Faces and our maim'd Bodies speak for us, these are the Crimes, and this the Criminal ; our Innocence we beg may be defended, and our Behaviour testify'd by this Commonwealth, in which we have now liv'd peaceably and quietly above a Thousand Years, respected and honour'd by all Men. What Offence could *Plautus* and *Terence* commit to be so cruelly handled, having always been the Delight and Diversion of the People, one of them Facetious and Well-spoken, and the other Circumspect and Grave? What have *Propertius* and *Tibullus* done, who are both Amorous and Sweet? As for *Silius Italicus*, he is so very Humble, that he never dares lift up his Eyes from the Ground, but is ever labouring to find that Grace in others which he wants himself. *Claudian* is Lofty and Florid ; and tho' his Stock is but small, he sets it off with his wonderful Wit. What tho' *Statius* be Haughty, and *Lucan* Proud and Lofty, these are Failings inherent to Vainglory, and to the Raptures of Wit, but no way hurtful to any other. *Horace* is Grave and Circumspect, but without despising others, only sensible of his own Talent ; and where he reflects it is with good Manners,

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and only endeavours to diverr. I grant *Juvenal* is Satyrical, yet he is a Man of Probity, and does it out of Zeal, that the World may mend; only exposing Vice in general, and never so much as thought of him in his Satyrs; much less did *Persius*, who is so Obscure, so Confuse and Intricate, that tho' he had given him any Cause of Offence, he might well have put it up; for no Man would ever have understood whether he meant it of him or another. Only *Martial* might have provok'd him with his harsh Temper, with his Jest and his pleasant double Meanings, but he swears he never saw his Face, or so much as heard of him. As for my own particular this I can say without boasting, or being thought fond of myself, that I have always been reckned Lowly-minded, and of a soft Temper; and tho' I am easily mov'd and drawn to any thing, this easie Disposition has not been prejudicial to any Man; and if in my youthful Days I was guilty of some Amorous Failings, I was banish'd for them, and no Man ought to suffer twice for the same Fault; besides, had we all been guilty, he was not our proper Judge, you alone had a Right to try us. But what Wonder this impudent Fellow should presume to fall upon us profane Writers, since he has not spar'd the Religious and Holy Authors, such as *Sannazarus*, Venerable *Bede*, *Pontanus*, *Fracastrious*, and others. Vindicate our Honour then, O ye learned Judges, for the Quiet of this Commonwealth so much disturb'd by the Boldness and Insolency of this Member of it, from whose destructive Pen
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more dangerous than a sharp Dagger, none of you is safe. *Ovid* had scarce ended his Harangue before *Scaliger* pulling off his Gag, began to plead his Cause in such haughty Terms, and with such Contempt of those Poets, so much honour'd by Antiquity, that they in a Rage to be thus affronted in that Publick Place, forgetting the Respect that was due to the Judges, fell upon him, and dragging him about the Court, took upon them to be both Judges and Executioners of the Sentence he might justly expect from that upright Tribunal. This Boldness might have cost them dear, had not the Judges been taken up with a Matter of more Moment, which was a Throng of the People that rush'd in, complaining that the Lady Sciences had left their Palace, in which nothing remain'd but some slender Signs and Footsteps of what they had been. Those Citizens lifted their Eyes, and sent up their Cries to Heaven, multiplying their Tears, and adding to their Grief, by showing one another some Garments belonging to those lost Ladies. One held up a curious flower'd Wastecoat belonging to Rhetorick, another a fine Suit of Silver Knots belonging to Poetry, another a Mask belonging to the Law, and another a Looking-glass to Philosophy. The Judges were very much surpriz'd at the News; and being almost out of their Wits with such a mighty Loss, ran out of the Court to inquire into the Matter, and apply some Remedy. The Poets were left to vent their Spleen upon *Scaliger*, and I taking pity on that Ingenious Man, who has been so
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great a Promiser of Learning, endeavour'd in the most Courteous Manner I was able to appease them; but *Claudian* was so unmannerly, and my Dream represented things so lively, that I grew into a great Passion, and lifted my Arm, as if I had been awake, to give him a Cuff on the Ear, I struck my Hand against the Bed-post, and so awak'd from Sleep, and from the Lethargy of many Errors I had before liv'd in, being made sensible how vainly Men Toil and break their Rest in continual Study, and that he is not wise who is most knowing in Arts and Sciences; but he who has the true Notions of Things, and who despising the light Fancies and vain Ideas of the Vulgar Sort, only regards those as true which are really so.

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